































SNOW-WHITE, RED-ROSE, AND THE BEAR. ( PAGE 24. )



# THE ADVENTURES OF TOM THUMB

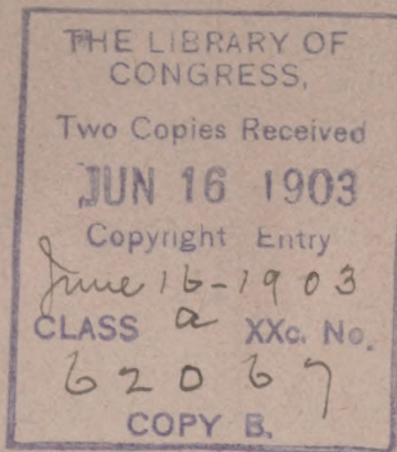
AND OTHER STORIES



WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS  
NEW YORK





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# TOM THUMB.

ONCE upon a time a great magician went out to take a walk, and becoming very tired, stopped at a laborer's cottage, and asked leave to sit down and rest. The laborer and his wife brought food and drink to the weary man, who wishing to reward them for their kindness asked them what they would most like to have.

"Well, sir," said the laborer, "we're mighty sorry that we have no children. Why, if I had a son that was—well, no bigger than my thumb, I'd love him heartily, and be very proud of him."

"You shall have your wish," said the magician, and then he bade them farewell and went to a fairy to tell her what the laborer had said, and to ask her aid in keep-

ing his promise. The fairy thought it would be a fine joke to take the man at his word, so one day she brought to the wife a little tiny baby-boy, exactly the size of the laborer's thumb; for which reason the fairy said he should be called Tom Thumb.

The parents were at first delighted, and they soon became very fond of the little fellow; but as he never grew any big-



THE FAIRY'S GIFT



ger the father often wished he had merely asked for a son without saying anything about his thumb ; for he was afraid that Tom would not be able to defend himself from the attacks of bigger boys. But it was soon plain that what the tiny chap lacked in strength, he made up in cunning, and so he was a match for any youngster in the whole place,

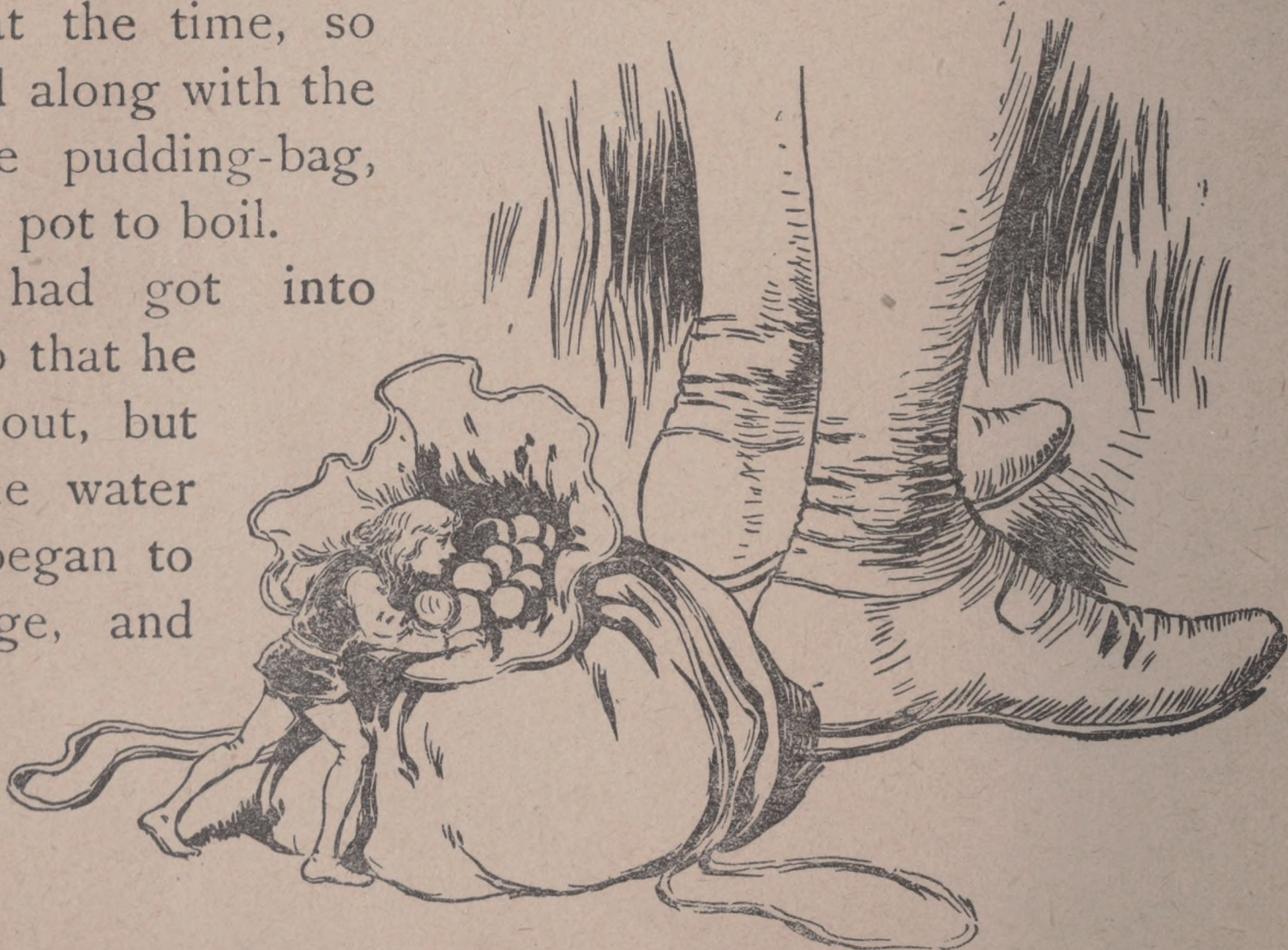
Now Master Tom used to play at cherry-stones with the other boys, and when he had lost all that he had, would creep into the bags of the winners and steal back all his losings.

At last he was caught in the act, and the owner of the bag from which he was filling his, an ugly boy, cried out, "Aha! Master Tom Thumb, I've caught you at last!" and he drew the strings of the bag so tightly around Tom's neck as almost to strangle him.

But the boy let Tom go after giving the bag a good shake, and knocking the cherry-stones against Tom's legs till they were all black and blue ; and Tom ran home, promising to "play fair" the next time,

A short time afterward, his mother was making a batter-pudding, and Tom, who was always curious to see how things were done, climbed up to the edge of the bowl to look in. Unluckily, his foot slipped, and he fell into the batter head foremost. His mother happened to be looking away at the time, so Tom was stirred along with the batter into the pudding-bag, and put into the pot to boil.

The batter had got into Tom's mouth so that he could not cry out, but when he felt the water grow hot, he began to kick and plunge, and made the pudding bump so hard against the lid of the pot that it flew off.



TOM STEALS THE WINNINGS OF THE OTHER BOYS.



Tom's mother came to see what was the matter, and when she saw the pudding bobbing up and down so strangely, she thought it must be bewitched, so she pulled it from the pot and threw it out of doors.

A poor tinker, who was passing at the time, picked up the pudding, and after going on a short distance stopped by the wayside to eat it. Tom by this time had got his mouth clear of the batter, so he began



TOM IS STIRRED INTO THE BATTER PUDDING.

to cry loudly, "Let me out! let me out!" The tinker was so frightened that he flung the pudding over the hedge and ran away. The pudding was broken into pieces by the fall, so Tom was able to creep out, all covered with batter. He crawled home with difficulty, and his mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in so sad a state, put him in a teacup, and with a great deal of trouble, washed off the batter.

Not long after he went out with his mother to milk the cow, and as it was a windy day his mother tied him to a thistle with a bit of thread, for fear he should be blown away. But the cow took a fancy to the



very thistle to which Tom was tied, and all at once he found himself in a great red cave with two rows of white pillars going champ! champ! all round him in an alarming manner.



Tom cried out with fright when he saw where he was, and roared at the top of his little voice for his mother.

“Where are you my dear son—my own precious little Tommy?” cried the good woman in great alarm.

“Here, mother!” screamed Tom. “Here, in the red cow’s mouth!”

The mother wept and wrung her hands for she was sure her boy would be crushed to death; but the

cow being as much surprised as anybody, opened her mouth and dropped out Master Tom upon the grass. His mother was only too glad to clap him in her apron and run home with him.

Tom’s father used to take the boy with him now and then when he went out to plough, and Tom had a whip of barley-straw with which to drive along the horses. He felt very grand, and would hallo and crack his whip in fine style; but as he couldn’t strike higher than the horse’s hoof, it is doubtful that he was of much use.

One day, however, as he stood on a clod of earth to aim a mighty blow at the horses, his foot slipped and he fell down into a furrow. A raven, hovering near, picked up the barley-straw whip and Tom together. Up through the air the poor little man was whisked so swiftly as almost to take his breath away; luckily the raven stopped to rest on the terrace of giant Grumbo’s castle, and dropped Tom, who was very glad to be set down.

Presently old Grumbo came on the terrace for a walk, and when he spied Master Tom, he snapped him up and swallowed him as if he had



been a pill. Tom, finding himself uncomfortable inside of Grumbo, soon began to jump about and dance in such a way as to make that greedy giant dreadfully sick, and he opened his mouth, and Tom came flying out and flew over the terrace right into the sea.

A great big fish that was swimming by at that time, swallowed Tom. The fish was caught soon after, and bought for the table of King Arthur. It was greatly admired in the royal kitchen, and the cook took



TOM DRIVING THE HORSES.

a knife and proceeded to open it. But what was her surprise when Tom popped up his head, and politely said—

“How d’ye do, ma’am? I hope you’re quite well!”

His Majesty was quickly informed that a wee knight had come to his court, and Master Tom received a hearty reception. The King made him his dwarf, and he soon gained the favor of the whole court as the funniest and merriest little fellow that had ever been seen there. The queen was very fond of him, and King Arthur scarcely ever went out hunting without having Tom Thumb riding astride his saddle-bow, or perched on his horse’s head.

The King asked Tom about his parents, and when Tom replied that



they were poor people, and that he should like to see them again, the king gave him leave of absence, and told him that he might take home to his parents from the royal treasury, as much money as he could carry. The little fellow could carry only a silver three-penny piece, and he was very tired when he reached home.

His parents were glad to see their dear son, but they feasted him



TOM DISAGREES WITH GRUMBO.

so much that he was taken sick, and had to lie in bed in a walnut-shell for three days.

When he was well, he thought it time to return to his duties as King Arthur's dwarf; and his mother, though loth to part with him, made a little parachute of paper and string, and tying Tom to it, gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, and he was soon carried to the king's palace.

Here a sad disaster was in store for him, for instead of alighting in the court as his mother hoped he would, the little man came down, splash! in a bowl of broth which the royal cook was carrying across the court-yard for the king's especial enjoyment. The bowl fell from



the cook's hands and was broken on the pavement. The cook was in a great rage, and picking up Tom from amongst the fragments of the bowl, ran with him to the king, and charged him with jumping into the royal broth purposely, out of mere mischief. The king was angry, but was too busily engaged with affairs of state just then to attend to Tom's case, so he ordered him to be kept under arrest till he had more leisure.



A SURPRISE FOR THE COOK.

The cook shut Tom in a mouse-trap, and kept him there in prison for a whole week. At the end of the week the king's anger had all gone, and he ordered Tom a new suit of clothes, and a good-sized mouse to ride on, by way of a horse.

One day when Tom was riding past a farm-house, a large cat, seeing the mouse, rushed out upon it. Tom drew his sword, and defended himself in the bravest possible manner, and kept the cat at bay until King Arthur and his followers came up; but he was so seriously wounded that his life was despaired of.

The Queen of the faries bore Tom Thumb away to fairyland, where he remained for several years. When he returned to court, King Arthur had died, but Tom was welcomed cordially by his successor, King Thunston.



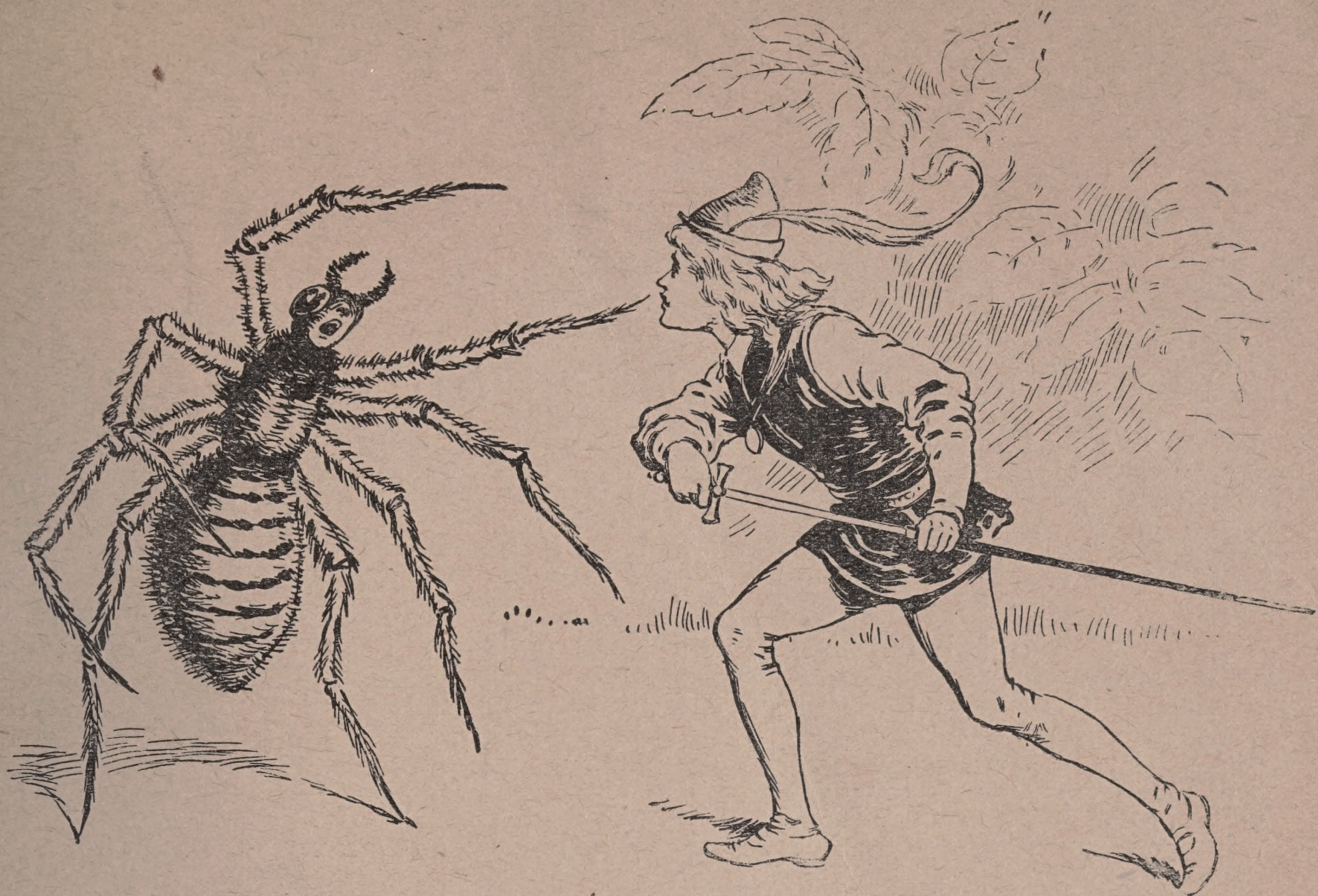
Here he passed many years as a great favorite, and met with many wonderful adventures. But I must hasten to tell you how poor little Tom came by his death. It was in this way :



TOM'S MOTHER DISPATCHING HIM TO THE KING'S PALACE.

One day as he went through the palace garden, he was suddenly seized from behind by a pair of long skinny arms, and a puff of poisonous breath came in his face. He turned round and drew his sword, and for the next quarter of an hour fought valiantly against an immense spider.





THE COMBAT WITH THE SPIDER.

The combat was long and doubtful ; but at last the spider, having had five of its legs cut off, gave a kick with those that remained—and died.

Tom was declared victor ; but the spider's poisonous breath had been too much for our brave little hero, and he fell into a wasting sickness from which he never recovered.

A neat marble slab was raised to his memory by the king, on which the following lines could be read :

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,  
 Whose death was from a spider's bite.  
 He was well known in Arthur's court ;  
 His jokes were good and made great sport ;  
 And when he to the hunt did go  
 'Twas to a mouse that he cried whoa !  
 His days in joy and mirth were spent,  
 His death to grief and woe gave vent.  
 Wipe, wipe your eyes and shake your head  
 And cry, Our dear Tom Thumb is dead !



# THE HARMED FAWN.

A LITTLE brother once took his sister by the hand, and said ;  
“ We have not had a happy hour since our mother died. Our step-mother beats us every day, and if we go to her for anything, she kicks us away. Our only food is the hard bread-crusts that are left over. The dog under the table fares better than we do ; she throws him many a good bite. Heaven help us ! Oh ! if our mother only knew what we suffer ! Come, let us leave here, and go out into the wide world.”

All day they wandered over fields and meadows and stony roads.



THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

They were very sad, and once, when it rained, the little sister said “ God and our hearts are weeping together.” By evening they came to a large forest. Tired out with hunger, sorrow, and the long journey, they crept into a hollow tree, and fell asleep.

The next morning when they awoke, the sun was high in the heavens, and shone warm and bright into the tree.

“ I am so thirsty,” said the little boy to his sister. “ If I only knew where there was brook, I would get a drink. Hark ! I think I hear water running.” They climbed out of the tree, and taking hold of each other’s hands, went to find the brook.

Now the wicked step-mother was a





THE SISTER WARNS HER BROTHER NOT TO DRINK.

witch, and had seen the children go away, and knew where they were. She had sneaked after them, as is the habit of witches, and had bewitched all the water in the forest.

Soon the children found the little brook, that sparkled and rippled over the stones. But just as the boy was stooping to drink, the sister heard, as if the brook murmured :

“Drink not of me ! drink not of me !  
Or to a tiger changed you’ll be.”

So she begged of him not to drink the water or he would become a wild beast and tear her to pieces. Thirsty as he was, the boy did as she wished, and said he would wait until they came to the next



spring. Soon they came to another brook, and the maiden heard the waters whisper :

“ Drink not of me ! drink not of me !  
Or to a black wolf changed you'll be.”

And a second time the sister begged her brother not to drink the water or he would be changed into a black wolf and devour her. Again the brother did as she wished, but he said : “ I will wait until we come to the next brook, then I must drink, say what you will, or I shall die of thirst.”

But when they came to the third brook, the sister heard the cool water murmuring :

“ Drink not of me ! drink not of me !  
Or to a young deer changed you'll be.”

And she cried : “ Dear brother, do not drink here, or you will be turned into a fawn, and run away from me.”

But her brother had already knelt by the stream to drink, and as soon as the first drop passed his lips he became a fawn.

The little sister wept bitterly over her poor bewitched brother, and the little fawn also wept, and kept close to her side. At last the maiden said : “ Do not cry any more, dear fawn, I will never leave you,” and she untied her golden garter and fastened it around his neck, then braiding some rushes into a soft string, she tied it to the collar, and led him away into the deep forest.

After they had travelled a long, long distance they came to a little cottage. The maiden looked in, and seeing it was empty, thought : “ We can stay here and live.”

She gathered leaves and moss and made a soft bed for the fawn. Every morning she went out into the forest to gather roots and berries and nuts for her own food, and tender grass for the fawn, who would eat out of her hand and play happily around her. When night came, and the little sister was tired, she would say her prayers, lay her head on the fawn's back for a pillow, and sleep peacefully until morning. Their life in the woods would have been a very happy one if the brother could only have had his proper form.

The maiden had lived a long time in the forest with the fawn for



her only companion, when it happened the king of the country held a great hunt. The loud blasts of the horn, the baying of the hounds, the lusty cries of the huntsmen, sounded on every side. The young deer heard them, and was eager for the chase. "Please let me join the hunt," he said to his sister; "I cannot restrain myself any longer." and he begged so piteously, that at last she consented.



THE SISTER LEADS THE FAWN INTO THE FOREST.

"At evening you must come back again" she said. "But I shall have my door locked against those wild hunters, and that I may know you when you knock, say: 'Sister, let me in.' If you do not say this, I shall not open the door."

She opened the door and the deer bounded away, glad and joyful to breathe the fresh air, and be free. The king and his huntsmen saw the beautiful animal, and started in chase of him, but they could not catch him, and when they thought they had him safe, he sprang over the bushes and disappeared. As soon as it became dark he ran to the little cottage, knocked at the door, and cried: "Sister let me in."





THE KING KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF THE HUT.

of them wounded him a little in the foot, so that he limped and had to run more slowly. One huntsman followed him to the cottage, and heard him cry: "Sister, let me in." Then he saw the door open, and quickly close again. The huntsman was astonished, and went and told the king all he had seen and heard. "To-morrow," said the king, "we will once more give him chase."

But the maiden was very much frightened when she saw that the deer was wounded. She washed the blood from his foot, and bound healing herbs on it, and said: "Go and lie down upon your bed now, dear fawn, that you may become strong and well again."

But the wound was so slight, that the next morning he felt nothing

The door was quickly opened; he went in, and rested all night on his soft bed.

The next morning the chase was continued, and when the deer heard the sound of the horn, and the "Ho! ho!" of the huntsmen, he could no longer rest, and said: "Let me out, sister, I must go."

His sister opened the door, saying to him; "You must return at evening, and don't forget what I told you to say."

As soon as the king and his huntsmen caught sight of the young deer with the golden collar, they all gave chase, but he was too quick and nimble for them. All day long they followed him. Towards evening the huntsmen surrounded him and one



of it. And when he heard the sound of the hunt again outside, he said : " I cannot stay here, I must join them. They will not catch me so soon again."

" No, no," said his sister weeping ; " you must not go. They will kill you, and I shall be left alone here in the forest, deserted by all the world."

" If I do not go, I shall die of longing," he said. " When I hear the hunting-horn, I feel that I must bound away."

With a heavy heart, his sister opened the door, and the young deer went leaping joyfully through the woods. When the king saw him, he said to his huntsmen : " Do not lose sight of him all day, but see that no one does him any harm."

When evening came, the king said to his men : " Come now, and show me where the cottage stands." They did so, and the king going to the door, knocked, and cried,

" Sister, let me in." The door opened, the king entered, and he saw standing before him a maiden more beautiful than he had ever seen before. But how great was her astonishment to see, instead of the deer, a man wearing a golden crown. The king looked at her kindly, and extending his hand, said : " Will you go with me to my castle and be my dear wife ? "



THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER UPBRAIDS HER MOTHER.

" Oh, yes !" replied the maiden, " I am willing to go, but the deer must go also ; I can never leave him."

" He shall remain with you as long as you live, and shall never want for anything," said the king.



At this moment the deer came bounding in. His sister again fastened the string of rushes to his collar, and leading him by her own hand, they went out from the lonely cottage in the woods for the last time.

The king placed the maiden upon his horse and rode with her to the castle, where the marriage was celebrated with great splendor, and she became queen, and they lived together happily for a long time, while the deer played in the castle garden and received every care and attention.

In the meantime, the wicked step-mother on whose account the children had been driven into the world, had no thought but that the little sister had been torn to pieces by wild animals, and that the boy, whom she had turned into a fawn, had been shot by the hunters. When she heard, therefore, of their good fortune, and how happy they were, she was filled with envy, and gave herself no rest until she had thought of a way to destroy their happiness.

One day, her own daughter, who was as ugly as night, and had only one eye, began to upbraid her mother bitterly because her step-sister was so much better off than she was, saying: "Oh, if I had only been born a queen!"

"Be quiet now," said the old woman; "when the time comes, I shall be on hand, and you shall yet be a queen."

The time came when a little son was born to the queen and the king was away to the hunt. The old woman, taking the form of a nurse, entered the room of the queen, and said: "Come, your bath is ready. Let us be quick before it gets cold." Her daughter, who was also there, carried the queen into the bath-room, where they had made a suffocating fire, and leaving her there to die, closed the door and went away.

This done, the old woman tied a cap on her own daughter's head, and had her lie down in the queen's place. She gave her the form and appearance of the queen as nearly as she could, but the lost eye she could not restore, so she had her lie on the side where there was no eye.

In the evening when the king came home, and heard that he had a son, he was greatly rejoiced, and went at once to see the queen.



But as he drew the curtain, the old woman cried : “ For your life do not draw that curtain, the queen cannot bear the light ! ” So he went away without knowing that a false queen had taken her place.



THE KING IS PREVENTED FROM SEEING THE FALSE QUEEN.

At midnight, when every one was asleep, as the child's nurse sat alone by the cradle, she saw the door open and the true queen enter. She took the child in her arms, nursed it, and then laying it in its cradle again, covered it carefully, and went out. She did not forget



the deer, but went to the corner where he lay and gently stroked his back, and then silently disappeared.

In the morning the child's nurse asked the guard if he had seen any one leave the castle, but he said no, he had seen no one. The queen



THE QUEEN VISITS HER BABE AT MIDNIGHT.

came many nights in this manner without speaking to any one. The nurse saw her, but said nothing to any one about it.

After some time had passed, the queen one night began to speak, and said :

“How fares my child? how fares the deer?

Twice more shall I come, and then disappear.”

The nurse made no answer, but when the queen had gone, she went to the king and told him everything.



‘ Alas ! ’ said the king, “ what does this mean ? To-morrow night I will watch by the child.”

The next evening he went into the nursery, and at midnight the queen came in, and said :

“ How fares my child ? how fares the deer ?  
Once more shall I come, and then disappear.”

She took the child in her arms as usual, and then went out. The king would not trust himself to speak, but he watched the following night, and this time she said :

“ How fares my child ? how fares the deer ?  
This time do I come, and then disappear.”

But the king could hold back no longer, and sprang towards her, saying : “ You can be no other than my dear wife ! ”

“ Yes, I am your dear wife,” she replied, and at that moment she was restored to life, as well and beautiful as ever.

Then she told the king how he had been deceived by the wicked witch and her daughter. He had them brought to judgment and they were condemned to death. The daughter was driven to the forest where she was torn to pieces by wild beasts, and the old witch was led to the fire and miserably burnt. No sooner was she burnt to ashes than the young deer was restored to his human form, and the brother and sister spent the rest of their days happily together.





# SNOW-WHITE AND RED-ROSE.

A POOR widow once lived with her two children in a lonely little cottage. In the garden grew two rose-bushes, one red and the other white, and because the children resembled the roses they bore, she named one Snow-White, and the other Red-Rose.

They were as good children as ever lived, always industrious and cheerful. But Snow-White was quiet and gentle, while Red-Rose

loved to run about in the meadows looking for flowers and butterflies. Snow-White preferred to stay with her mother and help her in her work, or read to her if there was nothing else to do. But the children loved each other dearly, and whenever they went out, would walk hand in hand. If one said :

“ We will never leave each other,” the other would reply : “ Never, so long as we live,” and the mother always said that what one had was divided with the other.

Often they went together to the woods to gather berries, but no harm came to them :



THE TWO SISTERS.



the little hare ate a cabbage leaf from their hands, the deer grazed at their side, and the birds sat on the branches near them and sang to them. They met with no accident, and if night came on before they left the woods, they had no fear, but lay down on the moss and slept till morning.



“THE LITTLE HARE ATE A CABBAGE-LEAF FROM THEIR HANDS.”

Their mother knew they were safe, and she also had no fears. Once when they had slept in the woods all night, and the dawn of morning had waked them, they saw a beautiful child dressed in glistening garments sitting near their bed. But as soon as they awoke, she arose, looked at them kindly, but said nothing, and disappeared into the forest. On looking around them, they found they had slept near the



edge of a precipice, and that if they had gone two steps farther in the darkness, they would have been dashed to pieces. When their mother heard of this, she said the child must have been the angel that watches over good children.

Snow-White and Rose-Red kept their mother's cottage so clean that it was a pleasure to look at it. In the summer time, Red-Rose swept



“THEY SAW A BEAUTIFUL CHILD DRESSED IN GLISTENING GARMENTS.”

the kitchen, and placed a fresh bouquet of roses by her mother's bedside every morning before she was up; and in the winter, Snow-White made the fire and hung the brass kettle on the hook, where it shone like gold, so bright did the little maid keep it scoured. In the evening, when the snow fell, the mother would say: “Go and bolt the door, Snow-White;” and then they would all sit down by the fire, and the mother would put on her spectacles and read from a large book, while the two girls listened and spun. Near them on the floor lay a little lamb, while perched in one corner sat a white dove with its head under its wing.





‘RED-ROSE PLACED A FRESH BOUQUET BY HER MOTHER’S BEDSIDE.’

One evening as they were thus sitting together, some one knocked at the door as if he were very anxious to get in.

“Quick Red-Rose,” said the mother, “open the door; it may be some traveller who is looking for shelter.”

Red-Rose opened the door thinking to see a poor man, but instead,



she saw a big black bear stretching his head towards the door. The maiden screamed loudly, and jumped back ; the lamb gave a frightened bleat ; the dove flew wildly round the room, while little Snow-White crept under her mother's bed.

The bear began to talk and said : " Do not be afraid, I will not hurt you. I am half frozen and only wish to warm myself a little by your fire."



"SNOW-WHITE HUNG THE BRASS KETTLE  
ON THE HOOK."

" You poor bear," said the mother, " lie down by the fire, but take care that you do not burn your fur." Then she called : " Snow-White, Red-Rose, come here, the bear will not hurt you."

The children came out, and by degrees approached the bear, the lamb did the same, and finally even the dove lost all fear of him. Then the bear said : " Get the broom, children, and brush the snow from my fur." They brought the broom and brushed his fur till it was quite clean, after which he stretched himself out comfortably before the fire.

In a short time they lost all fear of their clumsy guest ; they pulled his fur with both hands, planted their feet on his back, pushed him first one way and then another, and beat him with a hazel-brush. If he growled they only laughed, and when they were too rough with him, he only said : " Spare my life, children. Snow-White, Red-Rose, would you kill one who loves you?"



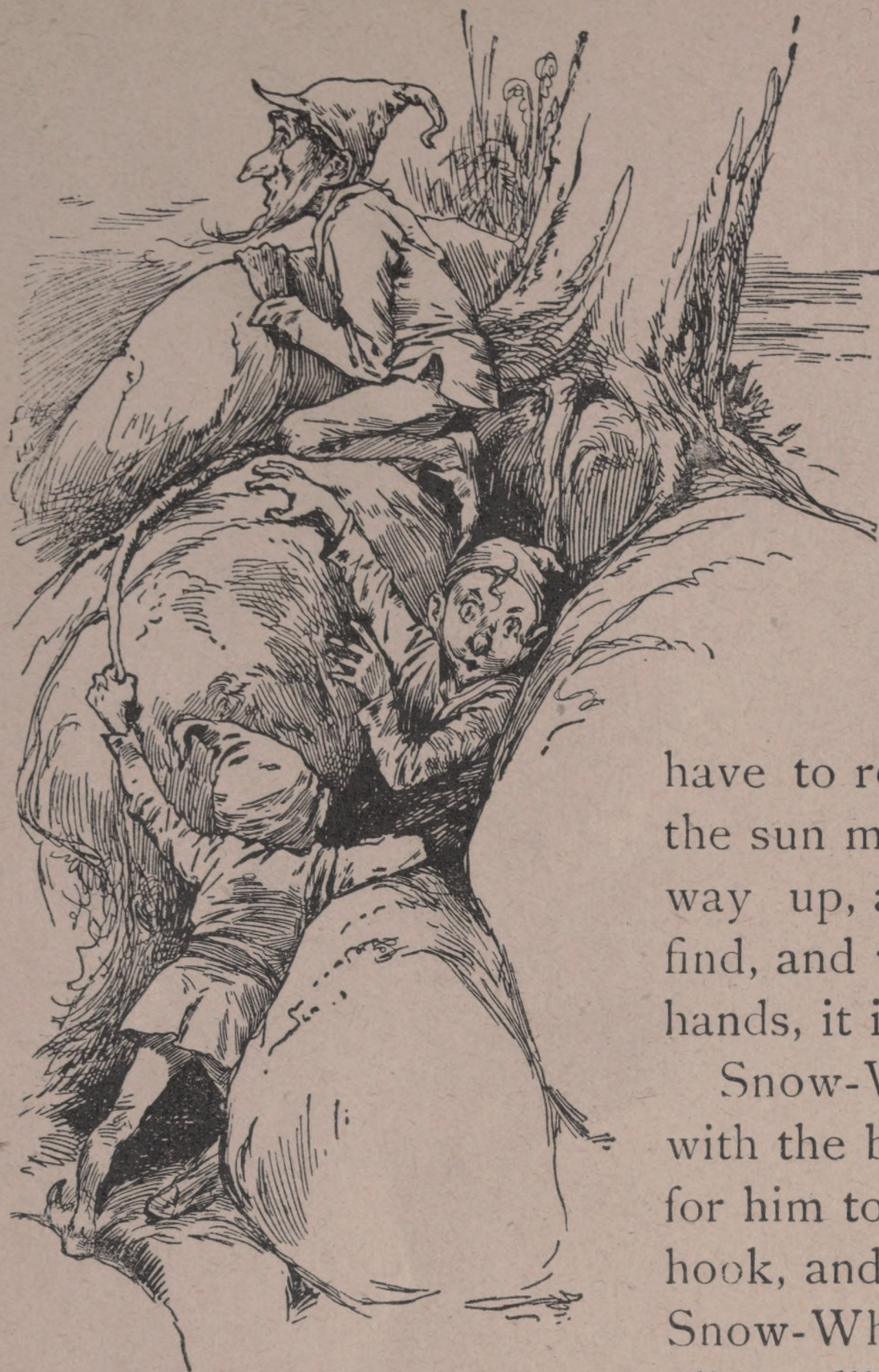


IN A SHORT TIME THEY LOST ALL FEAR OF THEIR CLUMSY GUEST.

When it was bed-time, and the children were in bed, the mother said to the bear: "You may lie on the hearth all night, if you want to. You will at least be protected from the cold and bad weather."

As soon as morning dawned, the children let him out, and he trotted away over the snow to the woods. But at a certain hour every evening, he returned to the cottage, lay down on the hearth, and allowed the children to play with him a little while. They became so accustomed to his visits, that the door was never bolted until their black friend had arrived.





"AS SOON AS THE SUN MELTS THE FROST, THEY WORK THEIR WAY UP."

One day in spring, when everything was green, he said to Snow-White: "I must go away now, and I shall not return all summer."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" she asked.

"I must go to the woods," he replied, "and protect my treasure from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter when the ground is frozen, they have to remain below, but as soon as the sun melts the frost, they work their way up, and steal whatever they can find, and when once anything is in their hands, it is not easy to get it again."

Snow-White felt very sorry to part with the bear. As she opened the door for him to pass out, his fur caught on a hook, and a piece of skin was torn off. Snow-White thought she saw something glitter like gold under his skin, but was not sure, for the bear trotted away very quietly and was soon lost sight of among the trees.

Some time after this, the mother sent the children into the woods to gather brush-wood. As they approached the forest, they saw that a large tree had fallen down and that something was springing up and down on one of the branches, but they could not tell what it was. When they came nearer, they saw a little dwarf with a wrinkled face and a beard a yard long. The end of his beard had caught in a cleft in the tree, and the little fellow sprang about like a puppy fastened to a string, and knew not how to help himself.

He glared at the maidens with his fiery eyes, and cried: "Why do you stand there? Can't you come and help me?"

"What have you been doing, little man?" asked Red-Rose.

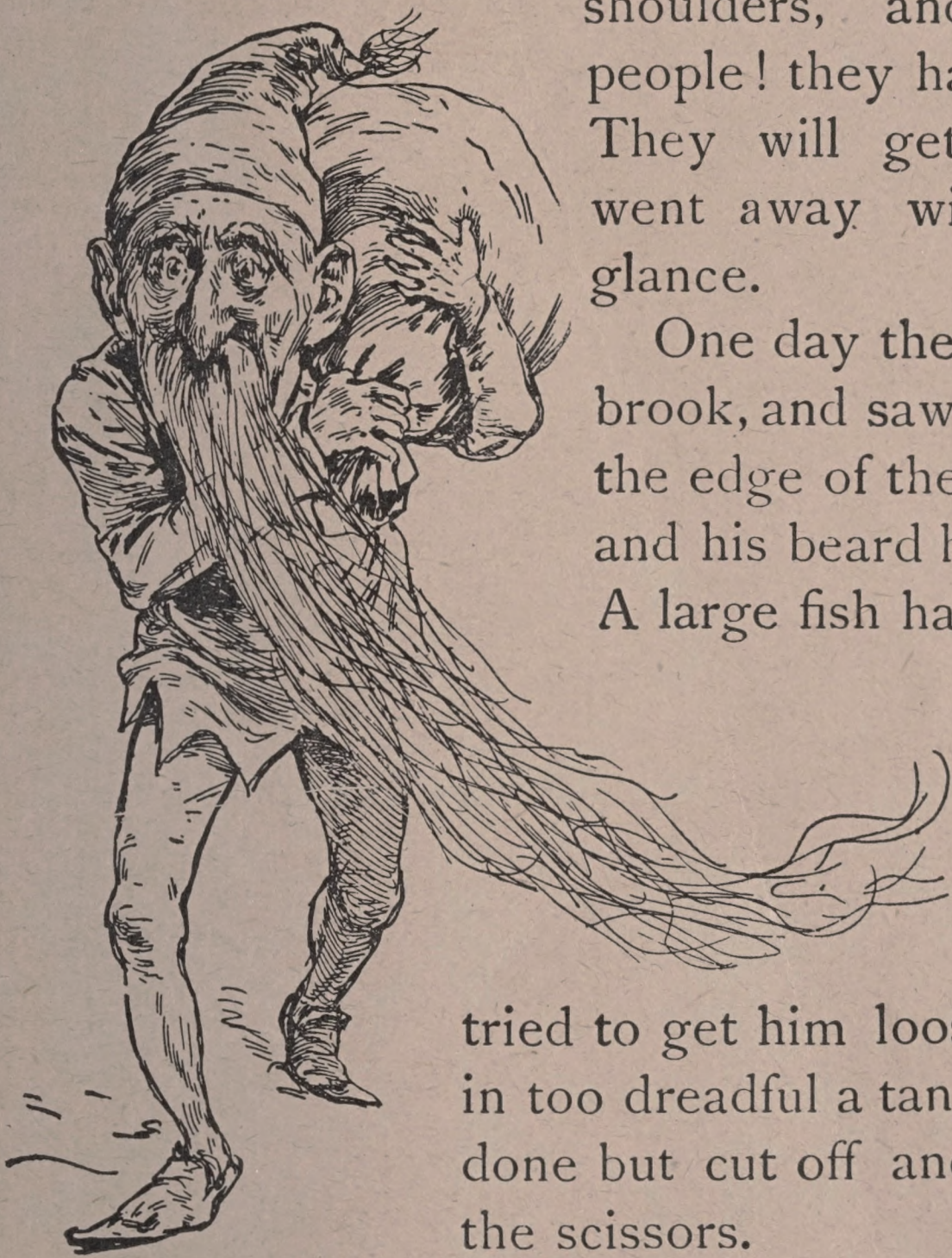


"You stupid piece of curiosity!" he cried. "I was trying to split some wood for our kitchen, for if we use large pieces, such as you greedy people do, the little morsels we cook would burn up. I had driven in the wedge, and everything was going well, when suddenly it slipped out, and the wood closed up so quickly that my beautiful white beard caught, and I cannot draw it out. Now stand there and laugh, you smooth, milk-face creatures! Whew! but how ugly you are!"

The children tried to get his beard out, but could not. Finally one of them said: "I will run and get some one to help us."

"Stupid blockheads!" he snarled. "Who wants any more people? you are two too many. Can't you think of anything better?"

"Do not be impatient," said Snow-White; "I can help you," and taking her scissors from her pocket she cut off the end of his beard. As soon as the dwarf felt himself free, he seized a sack full of gold that had been hidden among the roots of the tree, lifted it on his shoulders, and growled; "Smooth-faced people! they have cut off a piece of my beard. They will get their pay for it." Then he went away without giving the children a glance.



One day the children were walking near a brook, and saw the dwarf hopping about near the edge of the water. He had been fishing, and his beard had become tangled in the line. A large fish had swallowed the bait, but the

dwarf had not the strength to draw it out, but, instead, the fish was pulling him into the water. The maidens came just in time. They

tried to get him loose, but beard and string were in too dreadful a tangle. There was nothing to be done but cut off another piece of the beard with the scissors.

"HE SEIZED A SACK  
FULL OF GOLD."

The dwarf was in great rage. "You toad-stools!" he cried. "Is that the way you disfigure



faces? It was not enough that you cut it once, now you must take away the best part of it. I dare not show myself among my people again. I wish you may have to run till your shoe-soles come off for this."

Then he drew a bag of pearls from the rushes, and without another word, disappeared behind a rock.



"THE FISH WAS PULLING HIM INTO THE WATER."

It happened one day that the mother sent both maidens to the village on an errand. As they walked along through a meadow, on which great stones lay scattered, they saw a large bird dart down by one of the stones. At the same instant they heard a piercing scream, and running towards the bird, they saw that their old friend, the dwarf, had been seized by the bird and was about to be carried off. The kind-hearted children held him firmly, and struggled with the eagle until he let go his prize. As soon as the dwarf had recovered from his fright, he exclaimed in his sharp voice: "Could you not have treated me a little more politely? You have pulled on my thin coat until it is hang-



ing in tatters on my back. Clumsy ragamuffins! that's what you are!" and without a word of thanks, he picked up his bag of precious stones and slipped into his den under the stone. The maidens, who were used to his ingratitude, thought nothing of it, but went on to the village to make their purchases.

On their way home, as they were crossing the meadow they came unexpectedly upon the dwarf, who, supposing that no one would pass at that late hour, had spread out his jewels on a clear space of ground. They glittered and shone in the setting sun, and the children stopped to gaze at the beautiful sight.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" he cried, and his ashen-gray face became scarlet with rage. He was about to continue his scolding, when a loud growling was heard, and a black bear rushed out of the woods. The dwarf sprang up in fright, but he could not reach his den, the bear was too near.

Then he cried piteously: Dear bear, spare me! I will give you all

your treasures. See, there are the precious stones! Spare my life; of what use would such a poor little fellow be to you, you would hardly feel me between your teeth? Take those two wicked maidens, they will make a tender morsel; they are as fat as young quails—eat them instead of me!"

But the bear paid no attention to his words; he struck him one blow with his great paw, and he never moved again.

When the maidens saw the bear, they started to



"THE DWARF HAD SPREAD OUT HIS JEWELS."





“ ‘I AM A KING’S SON,’ SAID HE.”

run away, but he called : “ Snow-White, Red-Rose, do not be afraid of me ; wait, and I will go with you.”

They knew his voice and stopped, but when he came up to them, the bearskin fell off, and there stood before them a beautiful man, dressed in gold-embroidered clothes.

“ I am a king’s son,” he said. The wicked dwarf bewitched me, stole my treasures, and compelled me to run in the woods as a wild bear ; but now his death has set me free.”

Not many years afterward Snow-White was married to the prince, and Red-Rose to his brother, and all the treasures the dwarf had collected and hid in his den, were divided between them. The old mother came to live with her daughters, and the rose-bushes were also brought to the castle and planted before the windows of the two sisters, where every year they bore an abundance of beautiful roses.





## MEASURED FOR CHRISTMAS.



UGH! there's a worm upon your dress,"  
Said little Caroline to Bess.

"It drags its tail up to its head,  
And then takes one long step," she said.

"It is a measuring worm," said Bess.

"I want a pretty, new silk dress.

"The worm has come to measure me;  
The dress will come; so wait and see."

A father's ear drank in each word  
That in his chair he overheard.

When Christmas came, oh, joy for Bess,  
There came for her a new silk dress.



A pleasant note was pinned to it;  
It said, "I hope this dress will fit.

"I've cut it by the measure true  
Sent by the worm that measured you."



"So, merry Christmas, darling Bess!  
Who sent your gift? Now, can you guess?"

Of course dear Bess could have no doubt  
How what she wished had come about.



Her faith in Santa Claus was firm ;  
And how she blessed the fairy worm

That took her measure, with such skill !  
While good old Santa paid the bill.

Now, that's the way that little Bess  
Believes her pretty, new silk dress

Was made and sent ; let her believe ;  
The passing years will undeceive

The little girl who shakes her curls,  
And says that worms do measure girls

For dresses that kind Santa brings,  
With lots of other precious things.

EGBERT L. BANGS

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PAT ROONEY AND HIS WIFE.

THERE are some lovely gardens in a large Western city. These gardens have a long name, the Zo-o-log-i-cal. Many animals live in the houses made for them, and are taught cunning tricks.

Two very large monkeys, called Pat Rooney and his wife, are kept in a cage. A group of children stood before the cage, and this is what they saw. The monkeys had very large mouths, shaggy eyebrows, long arms and fingers.

Pat was dressed in a red coat, with a little hat on top of his head. Mrs. Rooney wore a bright dress, with a white cap tied under her chin, and a large sun-bonnet over that. It was time for them to eat supper. They sat down to a table on which were two plates, mugs, napkins, knives, and forks.

Pat looked pleased when he saw the nice bread and butter,



cake, and milk on the table. They both put the napkins round their necks. Pat cut up the bread with his knife and fork, drank the milk, and soon his plate was empty. He slowly wiped his mouth with the napkin; then, all at once, he jumped upon the table, and took the bread from Mrs. Rooney's plate. She began to scold him, and made the dishes rattle; Pat laughed, and taking the table-cloth threw it around Mrs. Pat, and they rolled over and over on the floor.



The children laughed and shouted to see the funny creatures. The monkeys were now in for fun, and chased each other up and down the high poles.

When the monkeys were tired of jumping, they sat down in little rocking-chairs to rest, talking to each other. Perhaps they said, "Why do those children laugh so much?" "We can laugh at them for being so silly."

"Now for a race," cried Pat. So again they ran up and down the poles and round the cage, chattering all the time. The children were sorry to go away, but will come again some day to visit Pat Rooney and his wife.





## SOME SEALS.

“WHAT is that floating on the water, uncle?” asked Cyrus, whom Captain Dane had taken in his sailboat for an excursion off Cape Ann.

The captain looked, but could see only white-capped waves. Nor did the boy see more at that moment.

“There it is again,” cried Cyrus. But the object once more disappeared.

At the end of two or three minutes his watchful eyes caught sight of the object for the third time, and the thought came to the boy



that it was alive. He touched his uncle's arm now, without speaking or pointing.

"A seal," said Captain Dane, at a glance. "There's another further out; do you see him?"

"They must be young ones, sir," Cyrus observed. "I saw, last

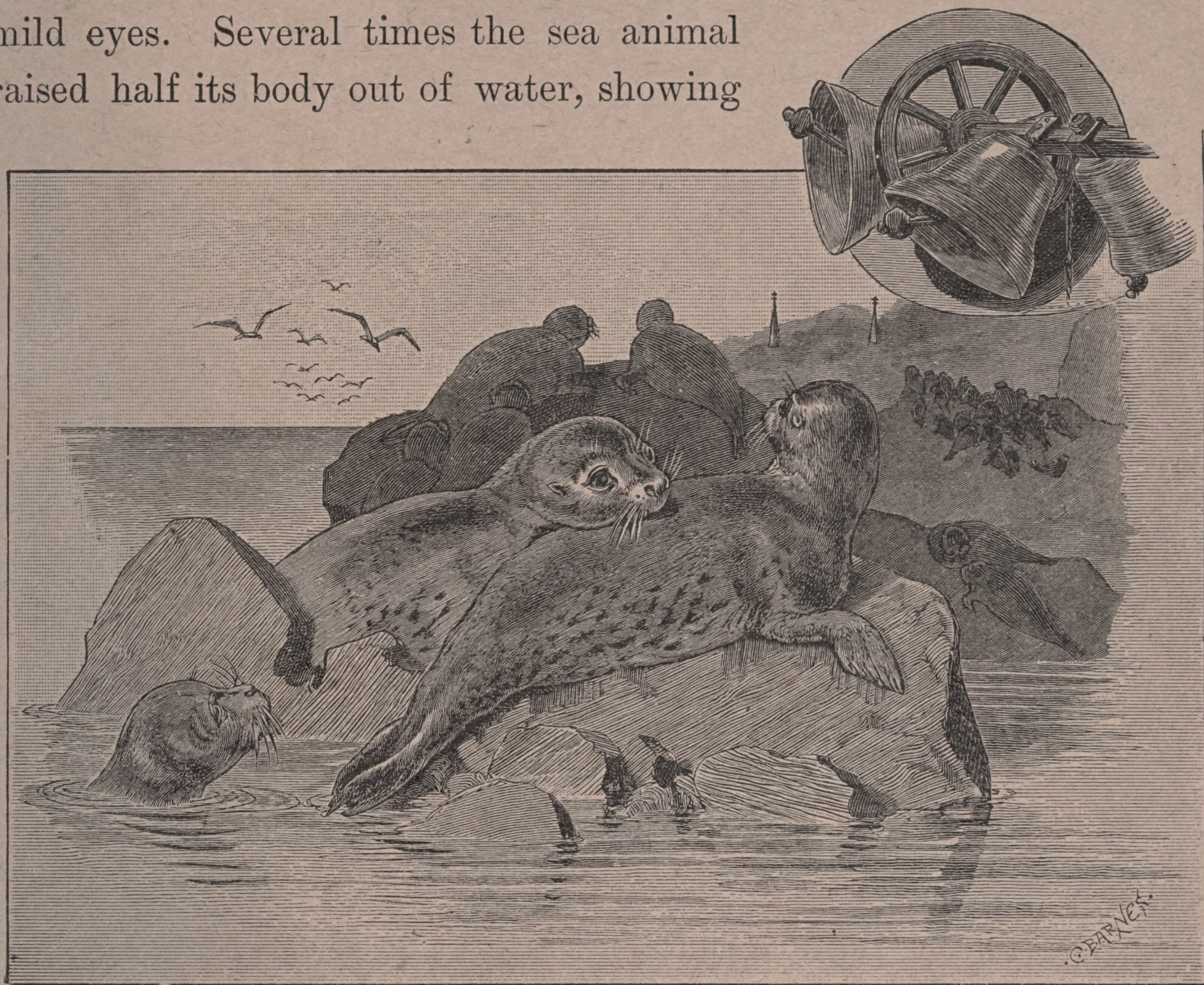


winter, some performing seals in a tank; they were a good deal larger than those seem to be."

"Oh, they show only their heads," said the captain. "No doubt they have spied our boat, and are keeping under cover of the water. Shy creatures, but so curious, too, that they will keep popping up for another look. Maybe I can draw them nearer."



The captain fastened a bright yellow silk handkerchief to the boat's bow, and it had the effect of attracting one of the seals, as he intended. The brown, glossy head approached so near that those in the boat could look directly into the large, mild eyes. Several times the sea animal raised half its body out of water, showing



its fat shoulders and queer flippers, in evident wonder. Then down he slipped, and was seen no more.

“These seals are common enough along the coast,” said Captain Dane, “yet one is rarely taken. They are slippery fellows; they look out sharp for themselves. Greenlanders, who depend on seals for food, throw harpoons from their boats and catch them that way. A Greenlander in our place would have harpooned that one, sure.”

“We do not want him for food,” returned Cyrus. “It must be a cruel person who would kill a seal for sport. They look so innocent,



and can be tamed and taught to do cute tricks. Those I saw exhibited were just wonderful."

This reminded Captain Dane of what he once saw at the Orkney Islands, where seals are numerous. On Sunday morning, when the church bells rang for service, these animals leave their feeding grounds and come to the shore in crowds. There they remain listening, till the music of the bells ceases. They then swim away, with graceful motions, to deep water again.

Cyrus was much interested in this story, and in another that his uncle, the captain, had time to tell him before they landed. It was about the seals on the coast of Ireland, that are often domesticated and taught to catch fish for the families who own them. Every day these seals go out fishing and bring in a salmon or a turbot for the table.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

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### CRADLE SONG.

LULLABY, sweetheart, the south wind is moaning,  
The moon sheds its pale light around thy white bed,  
While mother to thee her low love song is crooning,  
As swiftly thy footsteps to dreamland are sped.

Lullaby, sweetheart, what aileth thy slumber?  
What shadowy phantom thy light dreams pursue?  
The angels are guarding thee, love, without number,  
And gently waft downward their message to you.

Lullaby, sweetheart, the treetop's low music  
Has lulled into silence its twittering brood,  
While over them watches the mother-bird ever,  
Lest danger be near them or storms rock too rude.





"THE ANGELS ARE GUARDING THEE."



Lullaby, sweetheart, no harm shall assail thee,  
The light cloud's dim shadows no danger foretell,  
The stars softly kiss thee, the moonbeams caress thee,  
The night wind sings, "Hush to thee, babe, all is well."



Lullaby, sweetheart, the soft lids are falling,  
The long lashes lie on the roseate cheek.  
Oh, take her, oh, guard her, ye angels of slumber,  
And bear her back safely when morning shall break.

MRS. EMMA SHUMAN.





SAILING THE BOAT.



## THE BOYS AND THE PIES.

DOLPH and Dorry were twins. Their names were Adolphus and Theodore, but no one ever thought of calling them by their real names. They were always together and always in mischief. If anything wrong was done, the boys were reproved or punished without



being asked if they had been to blame; and they never had been punished unjustly. One day, quite late in November, their mother was busy making mince pies. Dorry was not around, but Dolph was much interested in the work, watching for a chance to seize a piece of citron, or pop some raisins into his mouth. It seemed to his distracted mother as if he were under her feet every moment.



"Go out of this kitchen," she said, at last, "and stay out!"

"I want to see the pies come out of the oven," whined Dolph.

"It won't do you any good to wait," said their mother; "the pies are going right down cellar until next week, when grandma comes. Go away at once!"

This news did not please him very much, but he had no choice in the matter; so he went out into the garden.

In the afternoon Dorry was swinging on the gate. Suddenly Dolph whistled, and, looking up, Dorry saw him at the cellar door. He beckoned mysteriously; Dorry was beside him in a moment. He led the way into the cellar, and showed Dorry five mince pies standing in a row on a shelf.

"Here's a lark!" he said, drawing a spoon from his pocket. Dorry for a moment looked puzzled; then he understood.

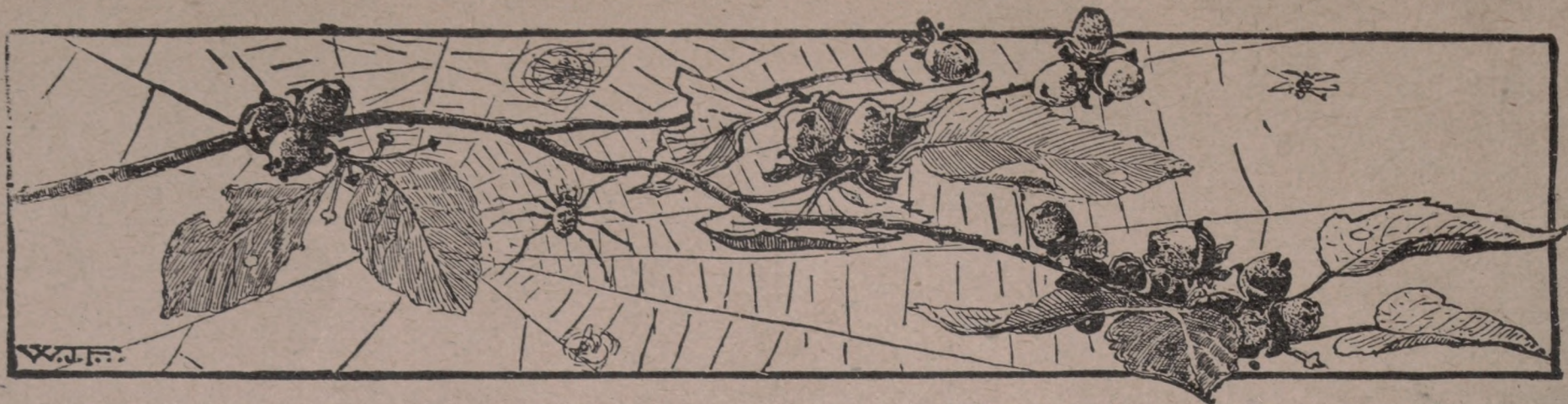
They cut a small hole in the crust, and very soon one pie was entirely empty. Then, a little frightened at what they had done, they ran to the bottom of the garden, where they stayed until tea-time. As nothing was said about the pies, they grew bolder. The next day a second one was emptied, and so on, each day, until all five pies had nothing left but the crusts.

Then their grandmother came, and with her a large party of aunts and cousins. Just before dinner the boys were having a grand time in the barn, with their city cousins, when they heard their mother calling them. Forgetting for the moment their recent visits to the cellar, they ran into the kitchen. Then they wished the earth would open and swallow them. On the table stood the five empty pies, and beside the table their mother, looking ready to cry.

"Boys, how could you do it!" she said. They had nothing to say. Just then their father came in. He saw at once what had happened. He did not say very much, and the city cousins never knew of that part of the punishment. But every day after that, when they had pies, puddings, and all kinds of good things for dessert, Dolph and Dorry had nothing but the empty pie crusts, until they were all eaten. It was hard, but they knew they deserved it.

ANNA M. TALCOTT.





## MINNIE'S PRESENT.

"HILLO, young lady! whose birthday is it?" said grandpa, catching up three-year old Minnie, and mounting her on his shoulder, for a ride around the room.



She laughed and crowed with delight, as her horse capered and pranced. "Get up! Get up!" she shouted, till grandpa was quite out of breath and sat down in the large rocking-chair, taking her in his lap.

"Now do you suppose you could find anything in the pocket of my overcoat?" he asked.

Minnie's tiny fingers dived into the deep pocket, and drew out a wonderful white woolly dog, with eyes as black as

a coal, and a saucy little nose. He was set on wheels, and could be pushed about the room. Minnie was very much pleased and ran to show him to mamma. Then she sat down on the floor to play with him.



Presently a little white paw opened the door, and her kitten came into the room. The little dog looked very much as if he were alive, and running about of his own accord.

Kitty did not like him at all. She arched her back, and bristled out her tail to twice its usual size, spit furiously, and gave the little dog a spiteful cuff, as Minnie pushed him towards her.

Doggie, of course, took all this very coolly, which seemed to disappoint kitty. She growled and spit till she found she could not drive him away. Then she turned quickly, sprang on the sofa, and took refuge in the folds of a shawl that was thrown over the arm. There she felt safe. But she would not let the dog alone. Every minute or two she would peep out and spit or growl.

Don't you think she was a silly little puss to make such a fuss about a bit of plaster and wool? But anger is always foolish.

MARY JOHNSON.







## JAPANESE TEA.

TOWSER and me,  
I hope you see,  
Are seated to drink  
Our Japanese tea.

The painted pot  
Isn't very hot,  
And he can pour it  
As well as not.

I laugh to think,  
When he comes to drink.  
How he will stir it,  
And smack and blink;



How he will take up  
His pretty cup,  
And cool it a little,  
Sippity-sup ;

And turn it about,  
Then taste, then pout,  
And I shall clap hands  
And laugh right out,

For don't you see,  
What nurse gives me  
Is nothing on earth  
But cambine tea?

CLARA DOTY BATES



APRIL SHOWERS BRING FORTH MAY FLOWERS.





POMPEY AND HIS OWL.





### BESSIE'S TEMPTATION.

“Now, mamma, let me go — please do! and I’ll practise three hours Monday to make it up,” pleaded Bessie Allen, dancing excitedly around the room. “We can get, oh, such beautiful ferns in Birket’s Hollow, and I haven’t been to a picnic for a whole year!”

Grandma smiled indulgently at the anxious little face, and said, “Yes, Eleanor, let the child go. She has been so faithful with her music and her school work that I think she deserves a day of romping and fun. ‘All work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy,’ you know.”



So it was decided that Bessie should go to the picnic Saturday, and mamma baked a cake that made the little girl's eyes dance with delight. It was big and round, with lovely thick frosting on the top, and great, luscious raisins that peeped out at the sides as if imploring notice and admiration.

Bessie liked to look at it and think how they would all enjoy eating it, sitting around on the grass under those big oak-trees. But it was



pretty hard to wait, and she wondered if she couldn't take just one raisin out without its showing. "It doesn't show hardly a bit," she thought, and picked out another before she ran away to school.

When she came home that night she took a peep, and then a raisin, and another, and another.

Saturday morning dawned clear and bright. "Just the day for a picnic," grandma said, and Bessie felt that she could never wait for the big wagon to drive up.



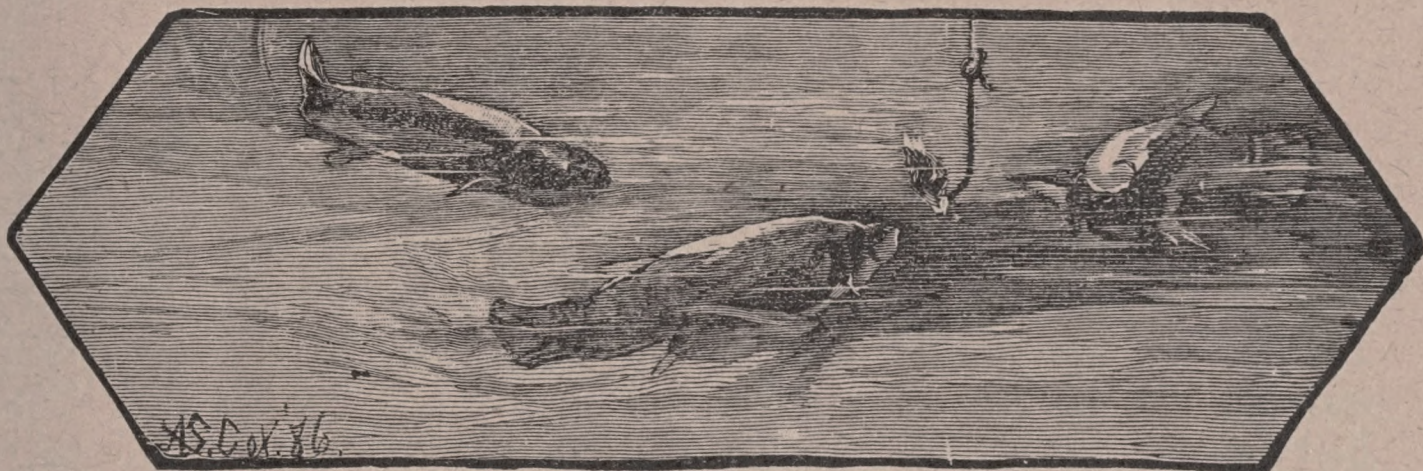
Mamma opened the tin jar for Bessie's contribution to the picnic dinner, but what a sorry sight met her eyes ! Was this the beautiful cake put away so carefully ? Wretched enough it looked now. Jagged and despairing, the once smooth edge. Gone, nearly half of the glittering icing. And what were those great holes in the sides ? It looked as if a family of mice had made it their headquarters !

"Mamma," sobbed Bessie, "I did it, but I didn't know it would look like that. What shall I do ! What shall I do !"

Mamma and grandma trimmed the sides as well as they could, and scraped off the remnant of icing. They said nothing, feeling that the little girl was getting her own lesson from this hard experience.

Bessie went to the picnic, and, although she is now a woman and bakes cakes for little girls of her own, she has never forgotten how she felt when that disfigured cake was unrolled and set on the snowy tablecloth before her expectant playmates.

KATHRINA IHRIE.



## TOTTIE GOES A-FISHING.

LAST summer Tottie went to the lake shore with papa and mamma and the boys, Ben and George. They rented a little cottage there, and stayed a whole month ; and such fun as the children did have !

Every day they took off their shoes and stockings and waded along the shore where the water was very shallow. Ben and George could paddle around in an old skiff sometimes, if they kept close to land.

One day papa took them all out on the lake in a little sail-boat to



fish. Everybody had a fishing-line but Tottie, and she thought she ought to have one too ; but Ben said :

“ Oh, no, papa ; she’s too little to fish ; she can’t keep still long enough to get even a nibble.”



Tottie thought this was rather hard on her, but when George said :

“ Tot doesn’t know how, ’cause she’s a girl,” she felt so abused that papa said she might have a line and try her luck. He baited a hook for her and threw it into the water. Seating Tottie in the bottom of the boat, on mamma’s shawl, he told her to keep very still and watch her “bobber.”

Tottie minded so well, and they were all so busy attending to their own lines, that they forgot her entirely, until Ben said in great excitement :

“ Look ! Tot’s got a fish ! ”

Then every one looked. Sure enough, there sat Tottie with her feet braced against the side of the boat, tugging with both of her fat little hands at the line, trying to draw it in.



Papa made haste to help her, and in a moment her fish — a big black bass — was landed in the boat.

Tottie was wild with delight over it. Everybody said it was the nicest, by far, that had been caught that day. Ben and George had no more to say about girls not knowing how to fish.



“How did you ever happen to catch it, dear?” asked mamma, when the excitement was over.

“Why,” said Tottie, “I kep’ just as still, and when I heard him bite I caught him!”

The next morning Tottie had a piece of her fish for her breakfast, and when she had eaten it she said:

“It tasted gooder than anything.”

JENNIE WHITE.



# How Victor Saved the Baby

## Hester Vickery Brown



**A**S nurse was rocking baby Rose to sleep, she told Victor for the first time the story of the old lady who had such trouble in getting her pig over the stile. He liked it so much that he insisted upon learning it. By that time baby was tucked into her pretty lace-trimmed crib, and nurse was ready to go downstairs.

"But I won't be long away, Victor," she said, "and I know you'll be a good boy."

And then she put a fresh log on the nursery fire and ran down the stairs catching a last glimpse of Victor sitting on his play-room floor, building a block house and saying over to himself:

"Pig, pig, won't go over the stile,  
And I'll not get home to-night."

He was such an obedient little fellow that he would have stayed just there till her return. Fortunately for baby and every one who loved her, he soon found that he must have two blocks which he had left on the nursery floor.

"I'll just creep in and get them," he thought; but when he had crept in, what do you think he saw?

Not the blocks, though they lay just where he had left them; not the baby, who was still fast folded in a lovely, dewy sleep; not the big fire burning on the hearth, but a wicked little fire which had been kindled by an adventurous spark that had blown out over the fire-





*HOW VICTOR SAVED THE BABY.*



screen right into the muslin draperies of baby's bed. It was a fire which was rapidly making its way toward the pillow on which lay the dear baby's golden head.



Just for a minute Victor remained motionless. Then the old jingle came again into his head, and saying aloud,

“Water, water, quench fire,”



he seized the pitcher from the washstand. Exerting all the strength of his sturdy little body, he poured its contents over “baby, cradle, and all.” Then he let the pitcher fall with a loud crash. Between the crash and the shower bath, baby woke up and screamed to the full extent of her small lungs.

Mamma heard her at the front door and nurse heard her down in



the laundry. Together they rushed to the darling's rescue, there to discover the deadly peril from which brave little Victor had saved her. Then they did not know which child they should hug hardest; but Victor said with much satisfaction, "Water, water did quench fire."

HESTER VICKERY BROWN.

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## JESSIE'S LESSON.

SHE was very fair, with light, fluffy curls, deep-blue eyes, and a rosebud of a mouth. When asked her age she said she was "half-past three."

Because she was so pretty, foolish people had praised her until the little head was nearly turned.

She had become so vain that she would cry if she could not wear one of her prettiest dresses every day. She would run away whenever she found a chance. This habit worried and frightened her friends.

One warm day her busy mother resolved to dress her so that there would be no danger of her running away.

Removing her dress, shoes, and stockings, some old slippers were tied on the bare feet; then a flour sack cut open at the end, with places at the sides for arm-holes, was put on her for a dress and tied around the waist with a tow-string. A newspaper pinned into the shape of a peaked hat was placed upon her head. She was put out into the back-yard with some playthings, and her mother, with a sigh of relief, returned to her household duties.

A little while Jessie amused herself with her toys in the shade of a large tree. Tiring of this she looked about for something else. Seeing a loose board in the fence she pushed it aside, wriggled her plump little self through, and was in a neighbor's yard. There she saw an open gate leading out into the street. Forgetting all about her queer attire she ran through it and down the street. Some small boys catching sight of the strange object ran with a whoop after her. Others joined as she ran on in mad haste. Soon the crowd were yelling the words in large letters on the paper dress, "Family Flour."





JESSIE'S LESSON.



An old gentleman approached to learn the reason of the clamor. Seeing the boys in full chase of what he concluded was a child, he



scattered the crowd, and a terrified little girl ran to him screaming, "Grandpa!"

After a look at the tear-stained face he recognized his own pet Jessie. He carried her home in his arms. It was her last runaway. This is a true story.

MRS. ELLEN M. JOHNSON.





### GEORGE LEARNS ABOUT THE MIND.

YOUR mind, or brain, is in your head, and it stays there all the time. There are little nerves that go from it to every part of your body, carrying messages to the muscles, telling them all just what to do.

These nerves are like telegraph wires. The brain is the telegraph office from which the messages are sent through the nerves.



In the real telegraph office, electricity is the working power. How the mind does it we do not know.

If the wires in a telegraph office get broken, you know it stops the work. So it would be if the nerves in the head were injured. The muscles could not receive any message. One set of nerves carry out messages, and another set brings back messages to the brain. This is the way we get our knowledge.

MRS. G. HALL.



### A NURSERY RHYME.

HEAR baby chatter,  
Little feet patter,  
Bells all a-jingle,  
Ears all a-tingle.  
Mamma says,  
"Hei! Ho! Hei! Ho!"





A NURSERY RHYME.



See baby run,  
Boo-peep is fun.  
Crow and prattle  
Mix with rattle.  
Mamma says,  
"Hei! Ho! Hei! Ho!"

Hear baby cry,  
See mamma fly.  
Just a slight fall,  
Now that is all.  
Mamma says,  
"Hei! Ho! Hei! Ho!"

Angels' whisper  
In sleep kissed her.  
See baby smile;  
But all the while  
Hear mamma say,  
"Will baby stay?"

Softly now cooing,  
With sweet arts wooing;  
Fold back her wimple,  
Kiss her dear dimple.  
Hear mamma say,  
"Shield her to-day."

Falls dreamless sleep;  
See mamma weep.  
Crossed baby hands  
In whitest bands.  
Hear mamma say,  
"Take me, I pray."



## NOSE TICKLERS.



A LITTLE Cinnamon Bear was one night prowling around a farmhouse in search of honey. He did not find any beehives, but close to the house he saw a big tree lying on the ground. Bees sometimes make their home in hollow trees, and this bear thought maybe he would find honey there, so he went close and looked at this tree. He found that it had been hollowed out and was filled with rainwater.

He was disappointed, and was turning away when he caught sight of an open window just over the big trough. He climbed carefully upon it and peeped into the window. Perhaps he expected to find honey, but there was none. A lady lay in a bed near the window fast asleep. The bear looked at her, and then at the big



white pillow under her head. He put in his paw and carefully touched the pillow. It was soft. What could be in it? Maybe it held something good to eat. He pulled at it gently, until at last he pulled it out from under the lady's head without waking her. He climbed down from the trough and carried the pillow to the further side of the yard. Here he stopped and made a hole in the pillow and smelled of it. The feathers flew out and tickled his nose and made him sneeze. He did not like this, and so he cuffed the pillow. That made more feathers fly out into his face, and he sneezed again. Then he grew angry and cuffed the pillow all around the yard, until all the feathers flew out. Then he threw the tick and pillow-case away. Just then the farmer saw him and threw a cloth around his head. He then tied the bear's paws and carried him into the woodshed.

Bruin soon became so tame that Mary, the farmer's little girl, could play with him during the long summer days.

MARY A. ALLEN.

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### A PICNIC IN THE PARK.

WHAT could be more delightful than a picnic in the park among the leafy trees, green grass, pretty flowers and singing birds? Our party was not large, but we had lots of pleasure. There was baby Ruth of three years, and Blanche, several years older, and Dinah and mamma. Dinah is the baby's doll.

We live near Franklin Park, and so we took the baby in her carriage. When we got to the park we let her run about in the grass for awhile, and pick dandelions and buttercups.

Then we chose a good spot for our luncheon. Ruth had fallen asleep, so we tucked her in her carriage with Dinah, and left it in the shade behind a tree near by. We placed Dinah's





A PICNIC IN THE PARK.



back against a tree, so she could sit up, and seated ourselves around a large napkin on the ground, upon which we arranged the good things we had brought to eat. Near us was a little pond, in which some boys were sailing small boats. Thus we had plenty to look at and talk about while we were engaged in eating. There was a gentle breeze, and our situation was charming.

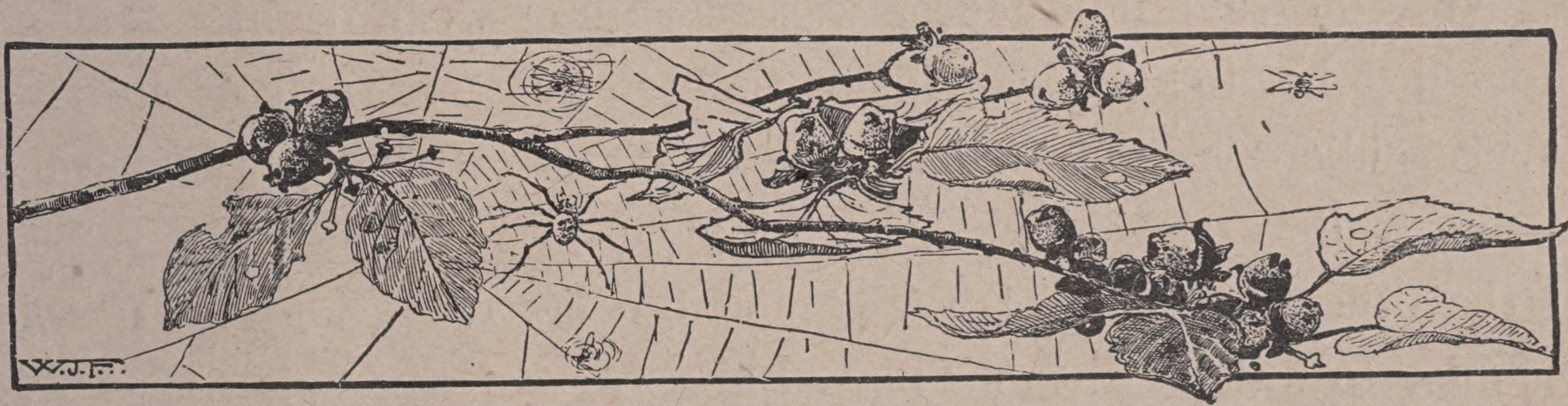
After we had finished our lunch, we started for a spring, some distance away, to refresh ourselves with a drink from its cool waters. The baby and Dinah rode in the carriage. As we were crossing some low ground, Blanche discovered a number of white violets in the grass, and we stopped and gathered a bunch to take home to papa.

When we had each taken a drink at the spring from a little cup we brought along, we played toss the ball on the grass till we were tired.

Ruth picked a four-o'clock blossom, and on blowing off its feathery top, we found it was time to go home. So we started on our homeward way, well pleased with our afternoon's outing.

Perhaps some day your papa will take you to the park.

FRANK J. BONNELLE.







## A BULL-FIGHT.

SUDDENLY we heard strange noises. Mother threw up a window, “and what to our wondering eyes did appear” but a regular bull-fight. In our back yard, too.

Mary, on the high fence, was screaming with fright. Hannah shouted to her to hold on. Inside the “ring” were the boys in newspaper soldier-caps. Jack, arrayed in a red petticoat, brandished a carving-knife. Harold carried a toy pistol in one hand and a red rag in the other. A pair of red-flannel drawers crossed his body from shoulder to waist. Brindle played the part of the bull pretty well for a peaceable old cow.

They were dashing madly at her. They waved their weapons at her. They teased her with the red rag till the poor thing was worried.



into fury. She tossed her horns. She threw up her heels dangerously near the heads of the daring young "matadores." Brindle bellowed ferociously. The boys screamed themselves hoarse. Mary had laughed at first, now she was scared.

How it might have ended nobody can tell, if mother had not appeared just then. She told Hannah to mix a nice pailful of bran and water for Brindle, who soon forgot her enemies, if she did not forgive them; so the matadores escaped unhurt. Hannah took the "audience" off the fence, who said she did not like such a "truly bull-fight." Jack said it wasn't much fun to play to "women, 'cause they did not 'preciate a fellow's courage, but just sit on the fence and yell."

C. EMMA CHENEY.

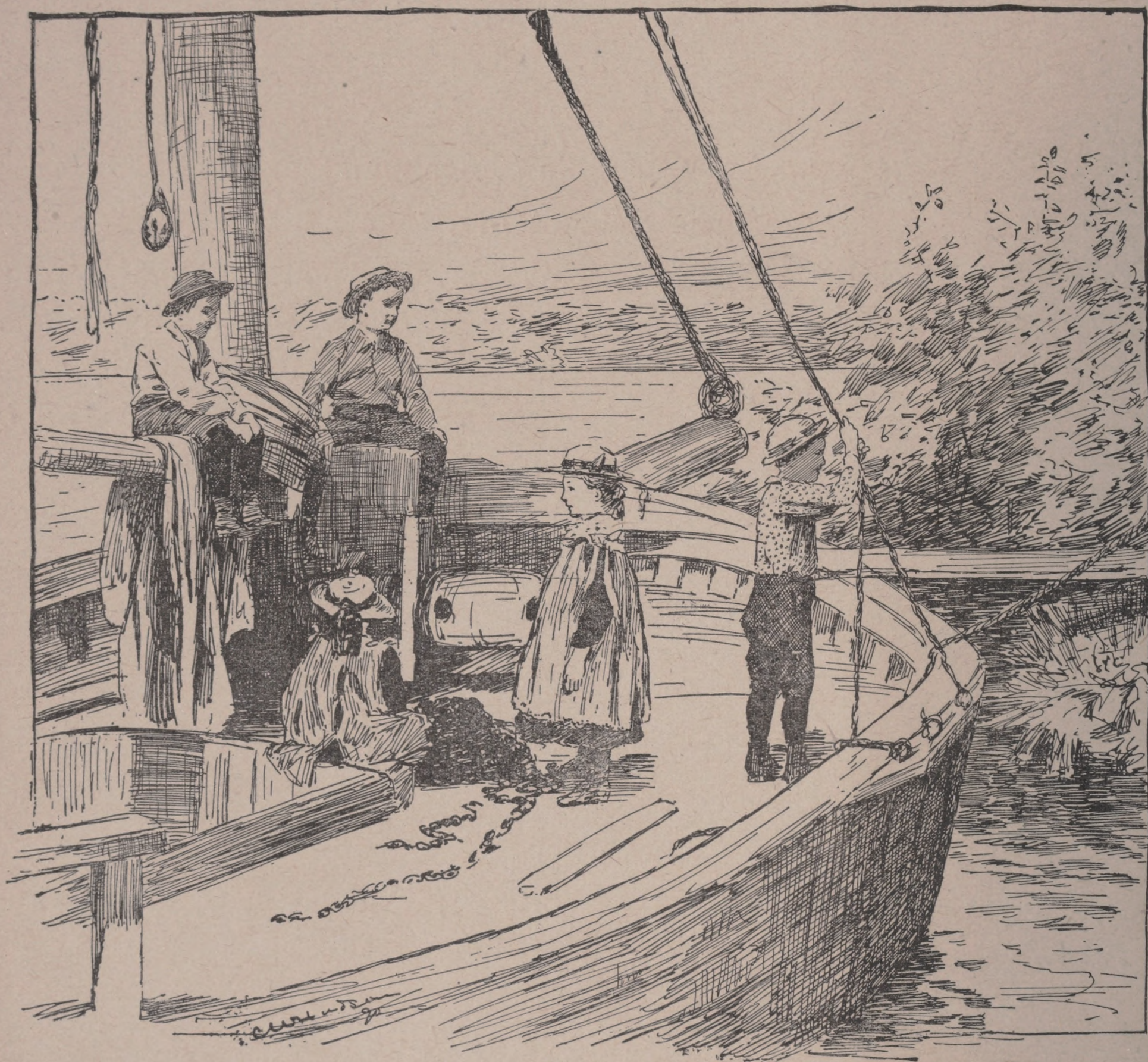


THE storm of wind and rain had lasted several days and the Rappahannock river overflowed its banks. Every day the freshet brought something new down the river, — logs of wood and parts of houses. One day a milk cupboard, or portable dairy, with pans and plates on its shelves came floating on the waves.

One morning Phil Gray went to the beach, and looking up the river saw a schooner with two masts drifting down stream. There were no sails, and the vessel rocked helplessly, as if no one guided it. It came quite close to the shore, and Phil's father, with two other men, went out in a little boat to see what was the matter. They carried a strong rope with them, and towed the vessel to the shore, finding it quite deserted. Then they made it fast to a post high on the beach, so that when the waters subsided they might leave the schooner high and dry.



Phil went on board with the men, and they found many things in the cabin, as if it had not been long deserted. There was a berth or bed, a table, and plates, knives, and forks, with cups and saucers.



“Oh, I will stay here and be the captain!” said Phil, and his father told him that he might play here until somebody claimed the vessel. A troop of little boys and girls soon took possession of the deserted schooner in the daytime, and Phil was the captain. He wanted to sleep there one night at least; but his mother said “No,” and it was well he did not.





Another storm of rain and wind raised the river again, and the water was too high for Phil and his crew to reach their vessel. When the sun shone out and they could visit the beach, no schooner was there; only a post with a broken rope hanging from it. Their "play-ship" was gone; but far down the river they could see the dismantled hull tossed on the waves.

"I am glad we are not on her now," said Phil; but he was ready to cry at losing his schooner.

PINK HUNTER.

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## THE HEADLESS DOLL.

ONE day when Belle Gray was on her way to school she saw a little girl about four years old sitting on the steps of a small frame house, holding in her arms the body of a large doll. One arm was gone as well as the head, and it had no clothes on; but the little girl was kissing and talking to it.



Belle stopped to look at her, and laughed.

"What a doll!" she said. "You must like dolls if you can play with that thing without a head."

The little girl looked at her a moment, and then, bursting into tears, ran into the house.



Belle was sorry she had said anything. She thought of the little girl a great deal that morning. On her way home at noon she stopped at a toy store and bought a doll's head with long, curling hair.

In a trunk at home were a great many doll's clothes that Belle had put away. She kept them in memory of the dolls she had loved and played with when a child. She took the best of these, and packed a little trunk with them.

On her way to school she stopped at the little frame house, and



asked to see the little girl. But she was asleep. There she lay on a bed in a corner, with her cheeks stained with tears. The doll was beside her.



“She cried herself to sleep,” said the mother. “Her heart was almost broken when she found out that her doll was not pretty, after all. It is the first doll she ever had. I found it in a bag of rags given me by a lady for whom I wash every Monday.”

Belle took the poor ugly kid body up, and in two minutes it had a handsome head on. It was dressed in a pretty lawn, with a ribbon sash, and a white apron trimmed with lace.

Then Belle put the doll on the bed again, close to the little girl's hand. And we can all fancy how happy that little girl was when she waked up.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.





## HOW THE BALLOONS RAN AWAY WITH ALAN.

WHEN his mother tied on his hat, kissed him good-by, and told him not to be gone long, Alan did not mean in the least to disobey her. He only meant to go a little way in the park, but then he did not know he was going to be run away with.

Just inside the park was a man with a great number of balloons, red, green, and blue, more than Alan had ever seen before. He ran



along by the man, wishing with all his might that he had one, and wondering if he could sail away up to the skies in it.

"I wish I could!" he said to himself. "Oh, I wish I could!"

The balloons bobbed merrily up and down in the wind. A sudden



gust carried off the man's hat, and in trying to catch it the cord fastened to the balloons slipped from his hand.

"Oh, oh, ketcha my balloona!" he cried; "somebody ketcha my balloona!"

Alan caught at the cord as it went past him, and held it fast in his fat fingers. He was such a little fellow, and the wind blew so



hard, that the balloons had no trouble in dragging him along with them. Away he ran, his toes scarcely touching the ground. The cord cut his fingers, but he held on, afraid to let go.

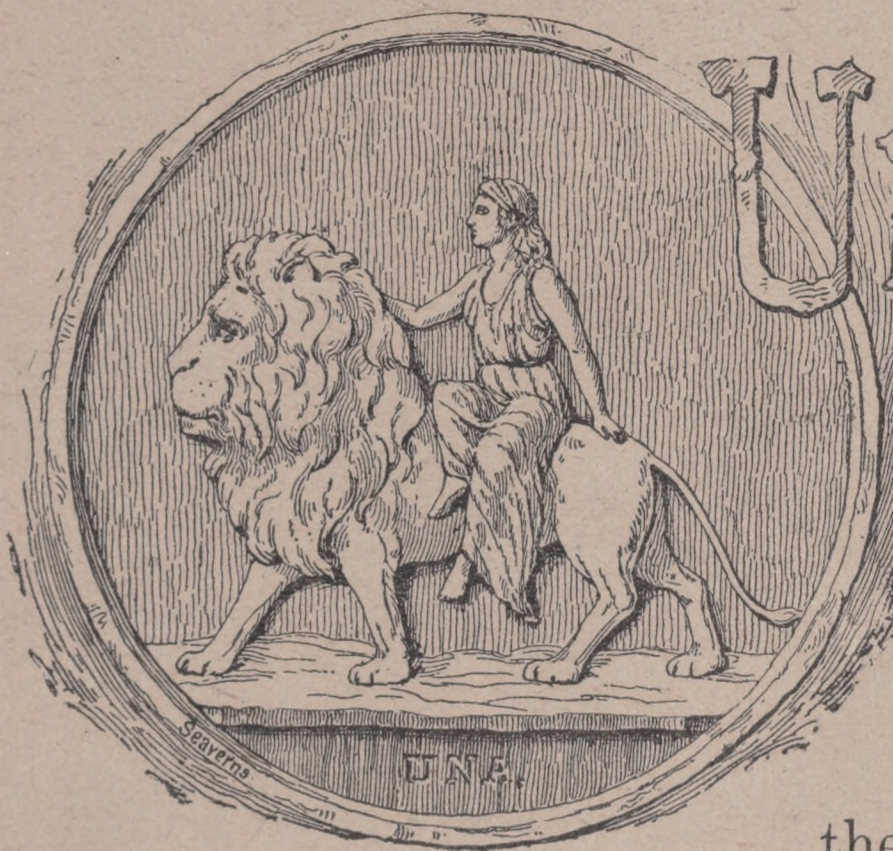
The balloon-man forgot his hat, and started after him, and the big policeman near the gate joined in the chase; the little boys stopped their play to help. Away they all ran after Alan and the balloons.

"Mamma, mamma, don't let me be run away with!" cried Alan. Up and down bobbed the balloons, as though they were laughing at him.

"Your mamma can't hear you," they seemed to say, "and we're going to carry you off to the clouds, just as you wished."

And if it had not been for a big bush near by, who knows what might have happened? But into the bush tumbled Alan, balloons and all. The big policeman picked him up, brushed him off, and carried him home in his arms. You can be sure that he is quite satisfied to walk along the earth now, and does not want to ride in a balloon.

LOUISE T. BROOKS.



## UNA and the LIONS.

MINNIE L. UPTON.

It was April when Una went to live in the country. All the playground she had ever known was the tiny yard in front of her city home. Now, the change for the budding, blossoming, country fields was quite enough to set older feet and sadder hearts than Una's dancing for pure joy.

There was one drawback to her happiness — one cloud in her clear sky. The house which her papa had bought was very old, and set far back from the dusty road in a shady, flower-scented yard. This yard was enclosed by a high, wide, granite wall with a wide gateway.



This entrance was guarded on each side by big stone lions. Now Una knew that these lions could not growl, or bite, or roar, or do any of the naughty things which truly lions would do. Yes, she knew that quite well, but — well, she couldn't help drawing a very deep breath as she drew near the gate. She always heaved a big, big sigh of relief as she skipped away on the other side.

Well, the days flew by, and May came with buds and blossoms.



One bright morning, after Una had danced down the grassy walk and sidled breathlessly through the gateway, she heard a chirruping, so cheery and gay, that she stopped short, and saw — what do you guess?

Why, on the top of the head of the crossest lion, who had, sad to say, lost one ear, and had a big hole in his head where the ear ought to have been, perched two dear, sociable, little sparrows! They were talking to each other in the merriest way possible. They





chirruped and hopped up; they chirruped and hopped down. Then they put their heads together and peeked into that funny hole. Then away they flew. While Una stood in wide-eyed wonder at their daring, back came Mrs. Sparrow with a straw and Mr. Sparrow with a string, and flew straight to that very hole.

Then away they went again and came back with more string and more straw. When mamma came to look for her girlie, she found her almost under the nose of the lion with one ear; for what little girlie would be more timid than a little, helpless bird?

She still felt rather shy of the less-favored lion, until one morning when she ran out to her sparrows' nest, what should she see but four roly-poly sparrows in a row on that lion's head? He was almost smiling, as they tumbled round and stuck their toes in his eyes. At least, Una was quite sure that he smiled, and she never felt one bit afraid of him again.

MINNIE L. UPTON.





## THE OLD BOY.

OUR Jack, at twelve, is very free  
 With his advice this season.  
 We think long pants can but increase  
 His judgment and his reason.



“You’d better get that  
 horse of Jones,”  
 Said Jack to me this  
 morning ;  
 “He’ll pull a bigger  
 load than Mike —  
 He’s just the build  
 for farming.

“You’d better sell the  
 brindle calf,

She won’t amount to shucks ;  
 I told the butcher, he’ll be up ;  
 He wanted mother’s ducks.







"It's going to rain ; I don't  
believe  
You'd better cut the grain.  
'Twill come off clear some  
time this week,  
The moon is on the wane.

"I'll drive Ben down and get  
him shod,  
And take the eggs to mar-  
ket.  
Now, mother's cleaning house,  
and you  
May shake the parlor car-  
pet."

MRS. ELDON WRIGHT.



## JENNIE AND THE BEES.

CREAMING, crying, sobbing, Jennie ; with two little fists in her eyes, standing among the flowers in grandpa's meadow, back of the orchard.

She had gone to grandpa's farm, and was playing among the flowers. She wanted the very one a busy bee was sipping honey from. No other flower looked half so sweet, and no other flower would do for Jennie. So she said, "Naughty bee, go away !"

"Naughty bee" did not go away. Jennie shook the flower, the bee still sipping honey. Jennie grew cross and struck at the bee ; the bee stung her. That was his way of striking back.

Jennie's screams brought her grandpa, who took her to the beehives, the home of all the bees. He told her how they were making honey for themselves and for her, and how he had put the hives in the flowering meadow near the garden for them. The flowers grew

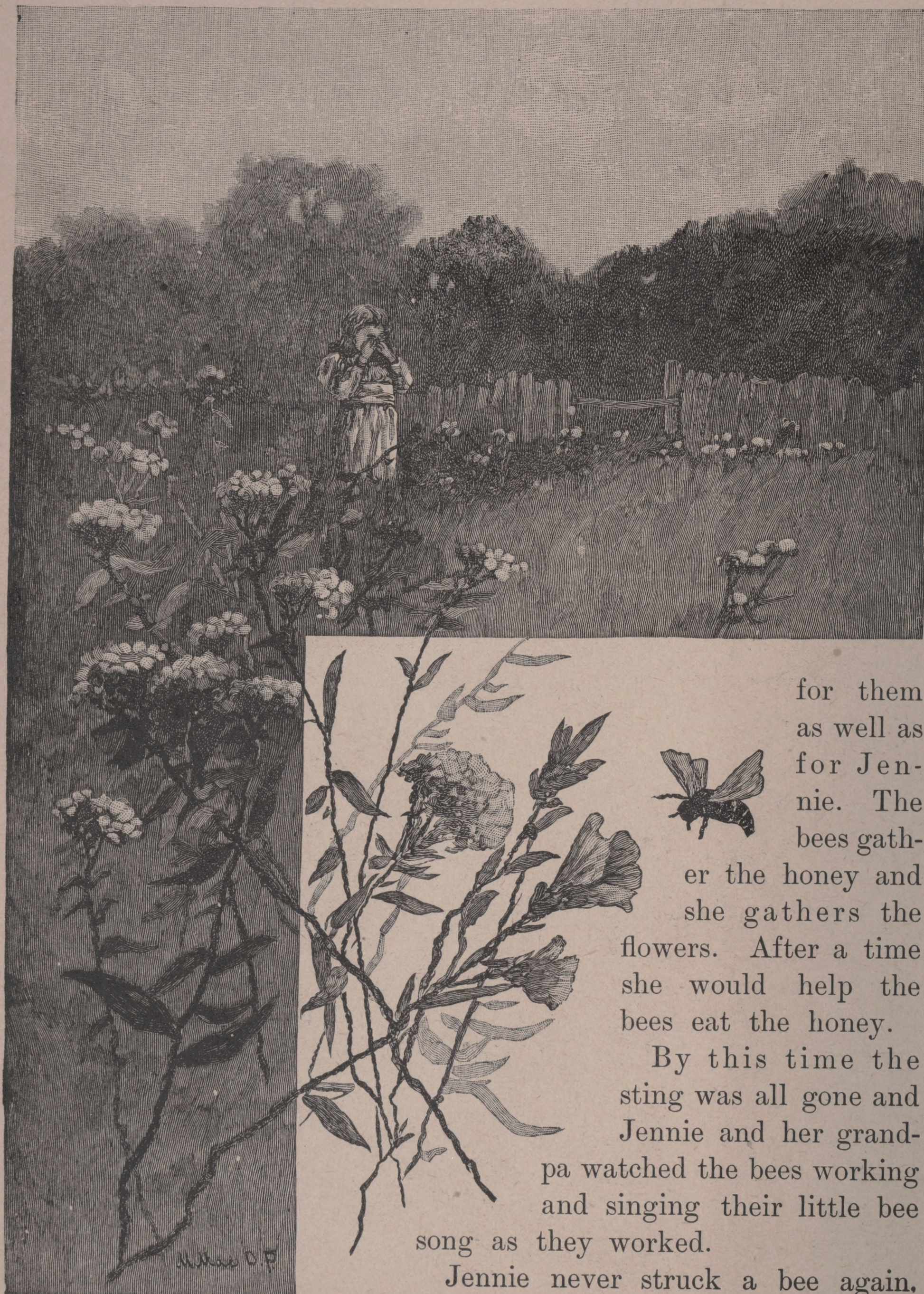




JENNIE AND THE BEES.



JENNIE AND THE BEES.



for them  
as well as  
for Jen-  
nie. The  
bees gath-  
er the honey and  
she gathers the  
flowers. After a time  
she would help the  
bees eat the honey.

By this time the  
sting was all gone and  
Jennie and her grand-  
pa watched the bees working  
and singing their little bee  
song as they worked.

Jennie never struck a bee again.



and a bee never struck her. She could play all day long in the garden and her grandpa heard no more screaming and crying.

MARGARET MacD. PULLMAN.

# TRUANTS

**T**wo little Jap boys Yang & Si Yense  
**H**ad lived on this elegant jar,  
**T**hey stood at an angle so very intense  
**Y**ou would think they had swallowed a lar  
**B**ut at night when the folks were sleep  
**T**hey stepped from the vase to the floor,  
**A**nd played long at leap after leap



**T**ill grey dawn crept in at the door.  
**W**hen they sadly resumed a stiffness gro<sup>tesque</sup>  
**F**or the jar had remarked "no more play"  
**A**nd settled their coats "a mode pictur<sup>esque</sup>  
**N**or ventured to wink for that day.







SUCH a queer hammock it was. Sometimes it was large enough to hold Bess and Benny and Bert, with plenty of room to spare for dollies and kitties and even Bert's little pug dog Popsey.

Then the very next day it would be so small that there was just barely room for one little child, with only one dolly or kitty. This is the way I found out about it.

One day Bert and Popsey were having a nice swing in the hammock, and I sat on the porch watching them. Pretty soon Bess came out with Kitty Grey in her arms and said :

"Let us get in too, Bert."

"No," said Bert, crossly ; "there isn't room enough only just for Popsey and me."

"Why, Bert," I said, "that is very strange. Is not this the same hammock that held all of you this morning ?"

"Yes'm," said Bert, hanging his head.

"I will tell you how it is," said grandma, who sat by the window with her knitting ; "it is a magic hammock with a puckering string. Two fairies take care of the string. One fairy always lets out the string as far as she can and takes all the children in. She is a good fairy and her name is Love. The other is a bad fairy called Selfishness. She always draws up the string so tight that only one little boy or girl with his own pet dog or kitty can possibly squeeze in. Either one of these fairies will come at the children's call. I think Bert made a mistake just now and called the wrong one."

Bert looked so red and ashamed that I said, "Shall we call the other fairy, Bert ?"





THE MAGIC HAMMOCK.



He nodded his head and I called softly :

“Come, Love ; come, Love.”

And if you will believe it, the moment I spoke the words, the hammock flew wide open, and Bess and Kitty Grey sprang in. Bert’s face was all smiles, and the hammock swung so gayly that I feared the children would be tossed out. Did I see the fairy ? Oh, no ! Fairies are too small to be seen with our eyes. But I saw her good work, and that was enough.

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.



“ANY tins, brooms, dusters, or cans, to-day ?” cried a pedler, one morning, as I sat reading my paper at the window.

“Bless me !” I exclaimed, as I beheld the pedler in a cloak reaching to the ground, and a hat two sizes too big for him, which looked suspiciously like a suit I had once owned. “What’s your name ?”

“Mr. Levi,” he replied, with a business-like frown on his face.

“Won’t you be seated ?” I asked, offering him a chair.

“Thanks,” replied the pedler ; “but it’s not my business to sit down.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon,” I replied ; “but let me see your wares.”

Where can I have seen this young gentleman before, I mused, as he began in his very business-like way to undo his pack.

He certainly was rather short, but then perhaps he was a dwarf.

I was awakened from my musing by the young man saying :

“Here is a good broom to sweep your room with.”

“I don’t sweep my room,” I replied.



“Well, you should,” he sternly replied; “a man should learn to sweep as well as a woman; men are very lazy creatures;” and the pedler sat down in a chair and began to lecture me on what a man



should do and what he shouldn't, until I began to think I was once more a boy, and was being lectured to by my Aunt Tabitha.

When he had finished I meekly said, “I guess I will buy a broom.”

“That's right,” he replied; “which one will you have?”

As his stock only consisted of two brooms, which looked as if they might have been through the war, I chose the best one.



“And now,” — “te-he-ha-ha-ha!” I looked around in amazement. “Why, papa, te-he; didn’t I fool you, ha-ha.” And lo! my pedler was transformed into a flaxen-haired little girl.

“Dorothy!” I exclaimed, pretending to be much astonished.

“Yes, it’s me;” and a pair of chubby arms were around my neck, and two roguish eyes were looking into mine.

“But I did fool you, now, didn’t I? You know you said this morning that there wasn’t a child living that could fool you; but I did; I’m sure I did; please say I did.”

“What will you have me say?” I asked.

“Why, say you were fooled, papa.”

And I leave it to you to guess whether it was I or Dorothy who was fooled.

BESSIE L. ORMSBY.







W. H. & C. 1850

POSIES.





WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.





## WHAT THE STAR THOUGHT OF IT.

HA! What are you looking at, little star?  
Because, after all, you're up so far,  
You cannot be sure I am not asleep.  
I just drew the curtain enough to peep.

I was sent to bed for nothing at all.  
I say it was mean! When I threw my ball  
Quite over the house, as I thought, and then —  
Smash! bang! it would go right through the pane.

I wish you would shut your eye, little star,  
I'm tired of looking to see where you are;  
You make me feel shame that I ran away;  
And I might have gone somewhere else to play.

Oh, you do not think I was sorry enough?  
Well, I couldn't make of myself such a muff,  
As to go to mamma before all her friends,  
And tell her the trouble. But I'll make amends.



Too bad poor Ponto got blamed 'cause I said,  
 "Perhaps, maybe he broke it with his head ;"  
 I did not mean it for sure, you know ;  
 'Tis very queer how crooked things go !

I will go to mamma this minute and say,  
 "So sorry I was naughty, and ran away.  
 If you'll kiss and forgive me, I'll go to sleep," —  
 And then, little star, your watch you may keep.

MRS. A. D. BELL

## A BRAVE BABY.



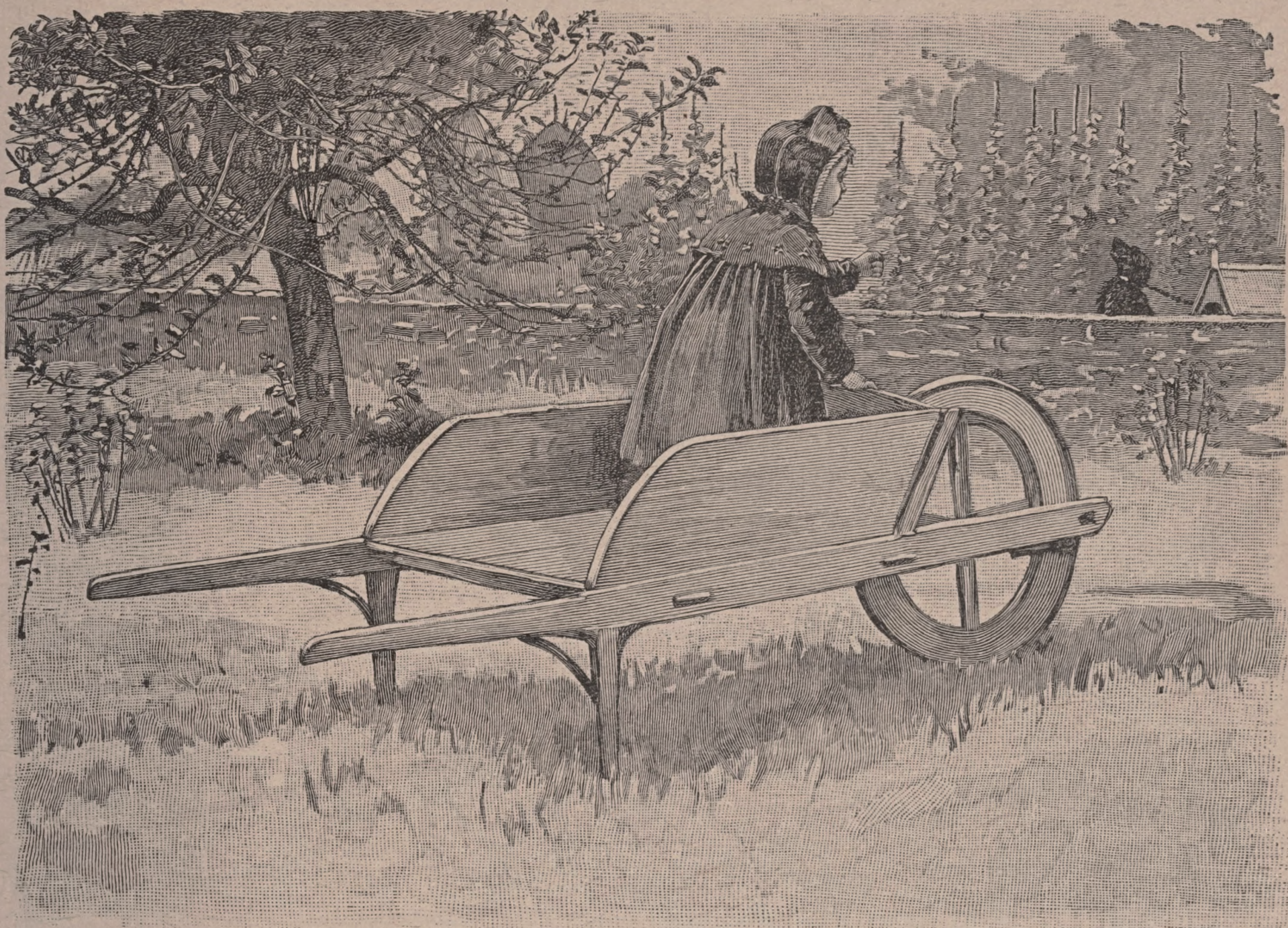
LITTLE HELEN saw her papa at work down in his garden one bright spring morning, and she left the window and begged to go to him.

Mamma put on her little hood and coat, and let her run. But when she was half-way across the lawn, Miss Baby stopped in sudden fear.



There was a big, fierce dog in the next yard, in plain sight over the low fence, and he was barking loudly.

Poor little Helen was afraid to move, and she began to cry. But papa saw her trouble, and called her.



“Come, Baby,” he said ; “the dog cannot hurt you.”

Helen had a great deal of faith in her papa ; so she summoned all her courage, and ran down the garden. Then papa took her in his arms to the fence, and showed her that the dog was fastened with a strong chain.

Then Helen laughed in great glee. She climbed upon her papa’s wheelbarrow, and began barking back.

“Bow, wow, wow !” said the dog ; and,

“Wow, wow, wow !” answered Helen.



This was great fun. But suddenly Helen's voice was hushed, and the dog had it all his own way.

What had happened? Papa hurried forward, but all he saw was two little feet with rubber shoes on, sticking out from under the upset wheelbarrow.

Baby had been too much astonished to cry when she turned over



in this way. Papa set up the wheelbarrow and picked up his little girl.

He laughed as he did so, and Helen laughed too; and in a minute up she climbed on the barrow again, calling out, —

“Wow, wow, wow!”

It was such a funny picture that I want it copied in OUR LITTLE ONES for all the babies to see.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.



## THE PUMP IN OUR CHEST.

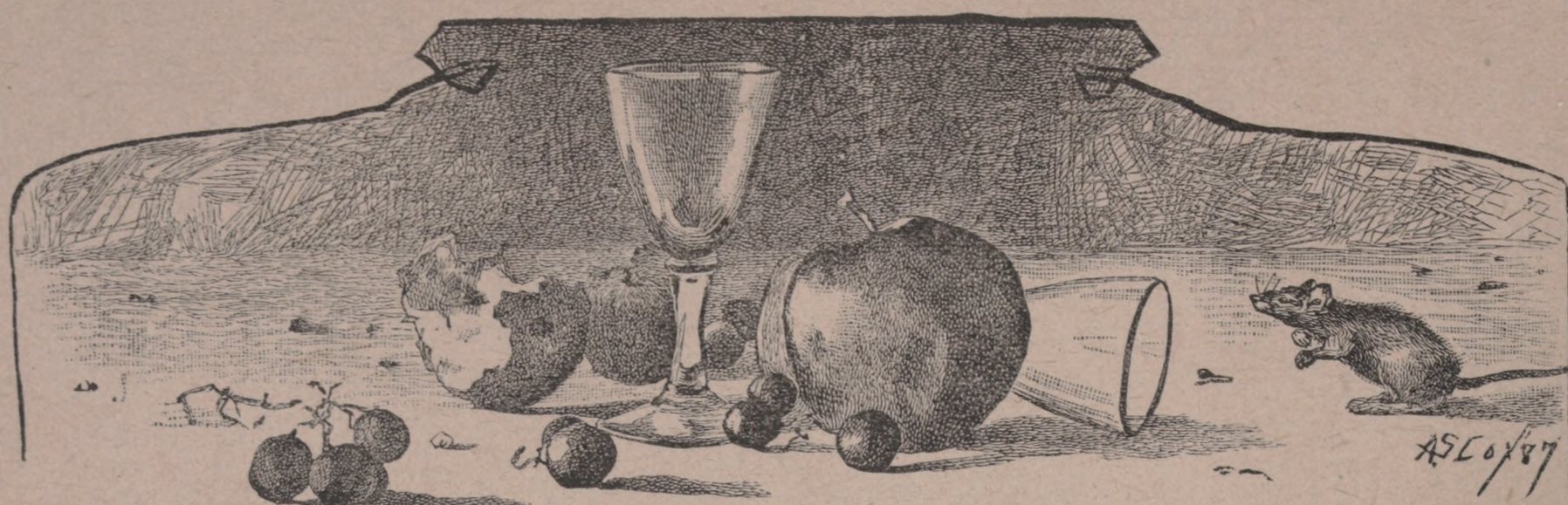
THERE is a pump that works all the time in our bodies—when we are asleep as well as when we are awake. This pump is the heart. How steadily it works — “tick-tack, tick-tack!”

It never gets tired. It will beat a million times in a very few days. At every beat the blood is pumped into a large artery, and then passes into other smaller arteries, spreading out like the branches of a tree. The blood goes out of the heart by one set of pipes — the arteries — and comes back by another set, called the veins. The Maker of our bodies has guarded these veins and arteries most carefully. They are made very strong, too, for they often have hard work to do, and they might burst. But now you can run as fast as you like, and they will not give way. Put your ear to the chest of somebody and you can hear the pumping going on. You can hear it in your own chest sometimes, when it works very hard.

MRS. G. HALL.







### • MOTHER MOUSE'S RETREAT.

In a warm, dark corner of a large, oak cupboard, a little mouse had made up her mind to build a snug home for her little ones. She had discovered just the sort of place she wanted. Tom Brown's best clothes, only brought out on grand occasions, were hanging up in that cupboard. Mother Mouse had scrambled in and out of all the pockets and could make her plans accordingly. Mother Mouse chose the right hand jacket pocket for her retreat. Tom happened to leave in it a good handful of cotton wool, borrowed from his mother for his egg collection, and a large piece of mouldy cake. The cake was the very thing for a hungry family if provisions grew scarce in mouseland.

No sooner said than done. Four clever tiny paws dragged and combed and matted the wool into the nicest little nest you ever saw. Before many days were over five weenie baby mice lay in it, all cuddled up together.

The babies grew and throve. Mother Mouse had gnawed a hole, big enough for her small person, through the side of the cupboard. This hole was near the table where Farmer Brown and his men sat down every night to supper. A plentiful supply of cheese parings, bacon rind and broken crusts were always to be found for the seeking. Never had a mouse family lived in such luxury before! But, alas, it did not last forever!

*One day* the door was opened and Tom's coat lifted down and carried out into the kitchen. Frightened out of their very small



wits, the baby mice shivered with fear as Tom struggled into his jacket and stamped about the room, shaking them at every turn. He was going to a children's party at the squire's house. He was late and had to run more than half the way. You can imagine the feelings of the poor mice!

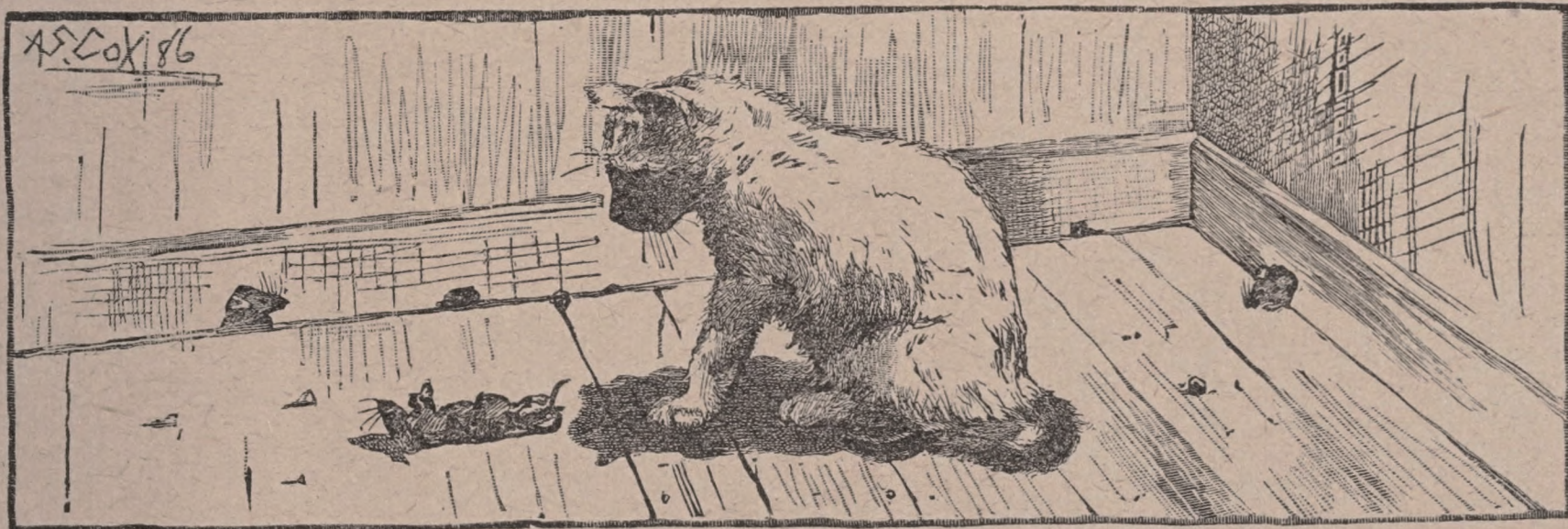
Play had begun when Tom got there. There was a cry of "Forfeits! forfeits!" as he entered the room.

"Come along, old fellow, and lend us something for a forfeit," cried Rob Hayes, as he seized Tom by the shoulder.

Anxious to oblige, Tom put his hand quite innocently into *the* pocket. Mother Mouse dashed up in his face and a cry of astonishment broke from all the children in the room. But what was their still greater surprise when the little nest with its tiny inmates was drawn carefully out of its snug hiding-place.

"Oh, do not separate them," cried one and all. Mother Mouse was gently caught and put back with her babies into the old well-known pocket where she had spent so many happy hours. Tom was not the sort of boy to drive her out any more until her little ones were old enough and strong enough to make their own way in the world.

MRS. H. N. GOODHART.







## GOLDEN-ROD.

TELL me, sunny Golden-rod,  
Growing everywhere,  
Did fairies come from fairyland  
And make the dress you wear?

Say, did you get from mines of gold  
Your bright and shining hue?  
Or did the baby stars some night  
Fall down and cover you?

Or did the angels flap their wings,  
And drop their glitter down  
Upon you, laughing Golden-rod,  
Your nodding head to crown?

Or are you clothed in sunshine, caught  
From summer's brightest day?  
To give again in happy smiles  
To all who pass your way?

I love you, laughing Golden-rod,  
And I will try, like you,  
To fill each day with deeds of cheer,—  
Be loving, kind, and true.

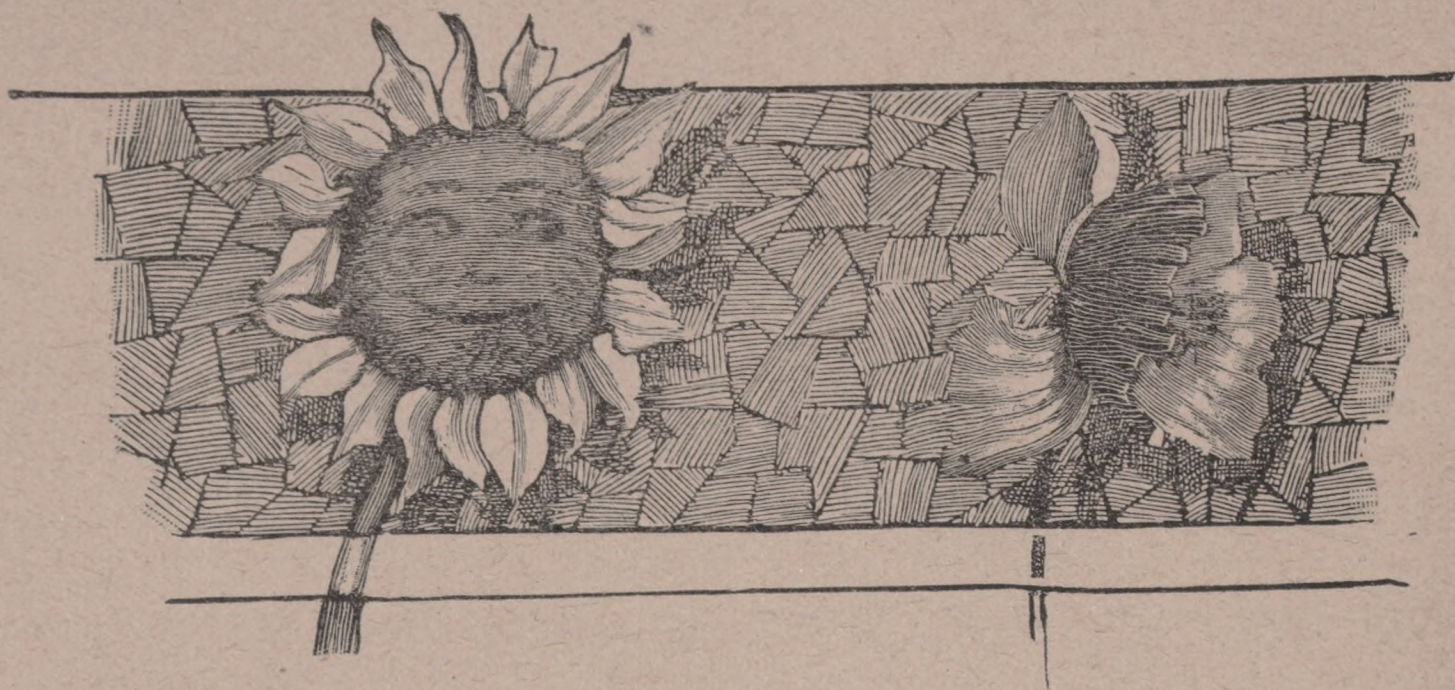
MRS. F. S. LOVEJOY.





GOLDEN-ROD.





## THE FROLIC OF THE FIGURES.

HOWEVER it happened, I cannot tell now,  
The Figures last night made a terrible row;  
The whole of the number, from Zero to One,  
From somewhere or other had each got a gun,  
And, uniformed oddly, were marching around—  
Amusing the sight was, terrific the sound.

Captain One called the roll; the others replied;  
Major Two buckled on a great sword at his side;  
Colonel Three shouted out to his orderly loud,  
While Four, in his buttons was terribly proud;  
Figure Five, for his plumes, you hardly could see,  
And Corporal Six was as happy as he.

In the ranks number Seven stood dreadfully straight,  
And for his companion had high-private Eight.  
Number Nine, with his bugle, then gave them a call,  
And Zero, the drummer, was loudest of all.  
I wondered, quite greatly, what all this could be,  
And if I could solve it, determined to see.



I asked Captain One, I asked all the rest;  
The only reply I could get—"We protest;  
Vacation is over; our rights we demand;  
To-morrow we're slaves all over the land;  
To-day we are freemen, and ere it is past  
Its jolliest hours we're making the last."

R. W. L.



### WHO STOLE THE DOORMATS?

DURING Wynan's visit in the Adirondacks he saw much that was new and strange. Odd things were continually happening, but the one that excited the most comment was the mysterious disappearance of the doormats.

The lodge where the party stayed was a two-story house, built of logs, with a front door, and a large hall that opened into rooms on either side. On the step, just outside the door, was a heavy mat, and just inside was one of lighter material, in pretty colors. One morning the outside mat was missing, and nobody knew anything about it.

"Somebody must have stolen it," suggested Wynan; but the question arose, who could be the thief, for nobody lived within



twenty miles of the lodge, and no strangers were known to be about the woods.

Several days after, when somebody went to lock the front door for the night, the inside mat was discovered to be gone, also. Two or three persons recollected seeing it in its place at tea-time, showing that it must have been taken away during the evening.

This time, Wynan's sister Grace suggested bears; but a guide who heard her only laughed, and said that bears wanted something sweeter than doormats.

Another mat was laid inside the door; and it was decided to keep a strict watch that night for whoever or whatever should come. But the thief did not return, and the mat was undisturbed for a number of days.

One evening, Wynan chanced to be alone in the parlor. It was scarcely dark, though the lamps had been lighted. The front door and parlor door were wide open, and suddenly Wynan caught sight of a small animal creeping stealthily along towards the mat. He snatched it in his mouth, and darted off with it just as Wynan's shout brought the family from the room opposite.

Light, the boy who lived at the lodge, dashed away after the intruder, and soon returned, bringing the mat with him. In his haste and fright, the little thief had dropped it not far from the lodge.

"What was it?" everybody asked.

"A hedgehog," answered Light. "Strange I did not think of one of those little rascals before; but I haven't seen any around here for a long time."

Wynan asked Light a great many questions about the hedgehog, and learned that it is seldom seen except at night, and that its back is covered with spines, or prickles, which it can erect at will. When it is attacked, it rolls itself into a ball, and these spines protrude in every direction.

"But what could he want of our doormats?" asked Wynan.

"Probaby to line his nest with," said Light.

EMMA C. DOWD.



## AIMEE'S VISIT TO AUNT BELLE'S.

"Yes, yes; run away and do anything you want to," said nurse, in a cross tone.

Nurse was talking over the fence to the girl next door, and did not want to be bothered with little Aimee. Aimee walked slowly around



the house, and down to the front gate.

A street-car came by, and her face brightened, as she said to her doll, "Dolly, would you like to go to Aunt Belle's?" Dolly smiled sweetly; and that was how Aimee knew that she wanted to go.

"Well, then, we must hurry, Dolly



dear ; for it is a long ride to Aunt Belle's. Let us run and catch the next car." So the tiny mother, with her smiling child, opened the gate, and started off to see dear Aunt Belle.

When the car came near she held up her finger to stop it. The driver laughed at the wee passenger. He stopped his car, while the conductor lifted the mother and child up, and put them on the seat.

When the conductor came round for the fare Aimee told him to ask her papa, and he would pay him. The conductor laughed, and asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my Aunt Belle," said Aimee.

"Where does your Aunt Belle live?"

"I will show you when the car gets there."

So she rode on until they came to a large stone house, with a lovely garden in front. Then Aimee told the man to stop the car ; for that was Aunt Belle's.

The conductor picked her up, and carried her to the pavement, where he set her down. Aimee opened the gate, and went up the walk. Aunt Belle, sewing by the window, saw her coming, and ran down to let her in.

"Why, Aimee ! how did you come ?"

"In the cars, Aunt Belle."

"Did your mother say you could come ?"





“No, Aunt Belle. Mamma was out, and Dolly and I were tired of playing alone ; and so we came to see you.”

Aunt Belle took her to the nursery to play with the children, and then sent the man to tell her mother where Aimee was. She knew that she would be sadly frightened, when she came home and could not find her little girl. But Aimee, happy with her little cousins, did not think of mamma until she came to take her home.

AUNT FANNY.



### THE MASON SPIDER.

WHAT a wonderful little creature this is ! It does all its work in the night. It builds a comfortable home right in the side of a bank. It is exactly round, and no bigger than a quarter of a dollar ; you would say it was done with some instrument, and so it was ; but it is on its own body. It is a sort of rake, made of hard points, on its head. This little tunnel is then lined with silk, and do you know why ? Because dampness cannot get through silk, and your mother's drawing-room is not more beautifully furnished with drapery than the Mason Spider's sitting-room is. But the door is the most curious part of his house. It shuts of itself. It is about as large as a sixpence, bound very thick, and made of thin layers of fine earth, moistened and worked together with fine silk ; attached to this little door



## THE MASON SPIDER.



is a silken hinge, very springy, and so very tight that if the door is opened it springs back with a sharp snap. Even the socket is bound with silk, and the outside covered with bits of moss, glued on, so that no one can find it. If any one should attempt to open this door the spider would hold it tightly at the bottom, at the same time clinging to the walls of the house with main force.

All day the Mason Spider remains in this home. When night comes he ventures out to spin a few threads on the grass to catch its prey. Carrying its food into the tunnel it has a good feast.

MRS. G. HALL.





## KITTY MUFF'S OUTING.

"DAISY, Daisy!" called papa ;  
but no little voice answered, and it began to seem as if Daisy would  
lose her chance of a ride.

Luckily, Aunt Jessie heard the call, and she it was who knew  
just where to look for her. Out behind the garden wall, under a  
barberry bush, where she played at housekeeping with Gladys and  
Tiny the livelong day.

Down the gravelled walk, between the flower-beds, and past the  
summer-house rushed Aunt Jessie, never stopping till she caught  
sight of Daisy's pink dress.

Without waiting to ring the bell that was hanging from a twig,  
she put her head in at the front door, and this is what she saw.



A cunning table laid with a doll-set in china, and five little dollies sitting around it. She knew them all except the one who sat with her back to the door, and who whirled around in her chair the moment she heard Aunt Jessie's voice.

Oh, what a surprise! Kitty Muff!

Very genteel she looked, in her fashionable travelling cloak and pretty lace bonnet; but her manners were bad, for just when everybody was admiring her, she suddenly shook off her cloak, threw her bonnet into Dolly Maud's plate, and, jumping on the table, upset the milk-pitcher, and coolly lapped up the contents with her little pink tongue.

Gladys and Tiny clapped their hands, and screamed with laughter.

"She's rude and she's naughty, but I love her!" Daisy said, as she hung the bonnet and cloak on the barberry bush, and, laying her fat hand in Aunt Jessie's, ran off as fast as her feet would carry her, to meet papa at the foot of the driveway.

Kitty Muff scampered on ahead for a little way, and then disappeared.

"We've seen the last of Muff," panted Daisy; but she was mistaken, for when papa had lifted her into the wagon and they had they had ridden on for five minutes, Muff sprang from behind into the wagon.

"May I take her, papa?" asked Daisy. "Oh, *do* say yes!"

"Yes," laughed papa. And this is how Kitty Muff came to have an outing.

EMMA FRANCES JEROME.







## THE GARDEN BIRD.

IN New Guinea there is a bird which not only builds a house but has a garden too. He is known by the name of Garden Bird.

When he is going to build, the Garden Bird first looks for a level spot of ground which has a shrub in the centre. Then he covers the bottom of the stem of this shrub with a heap of moss. Next he brings small green twigs from other plants; these he sticks in the ground so that they lean against his shrub. On one side he leaves a place open for the door. The twigs keep on growing so that his little cavern is like a bower.

Last of all, in front of the door, the bird makes a lawn of moss. Upon this lawn he scatters purple berries and pink flowers, and these he always keeps fresh.

He is about as large as a thrush or black bird. His head, his back, his wings and tail are brown, and beneath he is greenish-red.

W. H. H. CAMPBELL.





## MY INDIAN VERANDA.

WHAT can I see and hear as I sit in the cool veranda of my Indian home? It is different from what you see and hear in your own homes.

Last night a heavy rain fell, and everything looks as if it had been well washed, and, of course, everything looks fresh and lovely. How the birds are singing! Hear those pretty green parrots, darting here and there, and chattering away so prettily. Now they fly up to the trees, and their feathers and the green leaves seem just the same shade. See what a lovely blue-jay has flown down from the tamarind tree. The sun shines brightly on its lovely feathers as it hops about on the empty tennis course, trying to find some dainty morsel to eat.

An impudent black crow is hopping around, and sadly interferes with any titbit the blue-jay sees. Master Crow has flown right into my veranda near to the tin where my little dog, "Busy," has left some bread and milk.

What a squeak! It's those noisy little squirrels chasing each other over the garden wall! Up the wall, along the top, now on the other side. What fun they are having! but their little squeak goes through one's ear, it is so shrill.

Look on the path! do you see those tiny specks of scarlet slowly



moving along? They are wee little insects, and look like the softest piece of plush. Some people call them the cochineal insect; but that is a mistake, as that is only found in Mexico or the West Indies. These pretty little scarlet "spots" only appear after a heavy rain, and one does not see them again.

What a dreadful buzzing sound I hear! It is a large black beetle, which swings itself round and round with a horrid whizzing sound, making a noise just like machinery at work. Some people call it the "carpenter," on account of its noise.

Look on the grass! do you see those little brown birds? quite plain, dull little creatures. They are called the "seven sisters," because they always go about in sevens. Quite like a family party.

The frogs have stopped now, and so have the owls; but you should have heard them last night. I do not think any of them went to sleep at all; they were all so busy talking over the rain.

What is the matter now? Look at the Guinea fowls! how they are running round the house! something has frightened them. Ah! I see; a mongoose is stealing along the hedge there. Do you know what a mongoose is, and what it will do? Why, it will go into your farmyard, and bite the throats or necks of all your fowls and ducks, and drink their blood. They are terrible creatures.

MRS. F. F. SMITH.

### PREACH VERSUS PRACTICE.

SHE sat beneath the summer sky,  
 A little maid of eight;  
 There were no lesson-books out here  
 To vex her curly pate;  
 No maps, nor dull geography,  
 No figures on a slate.

The sunflowers kept her safely hid  
 Beneath their shadows cool—  
 'Twas nicer sitting on the grass  
 Than on that horrid stool.

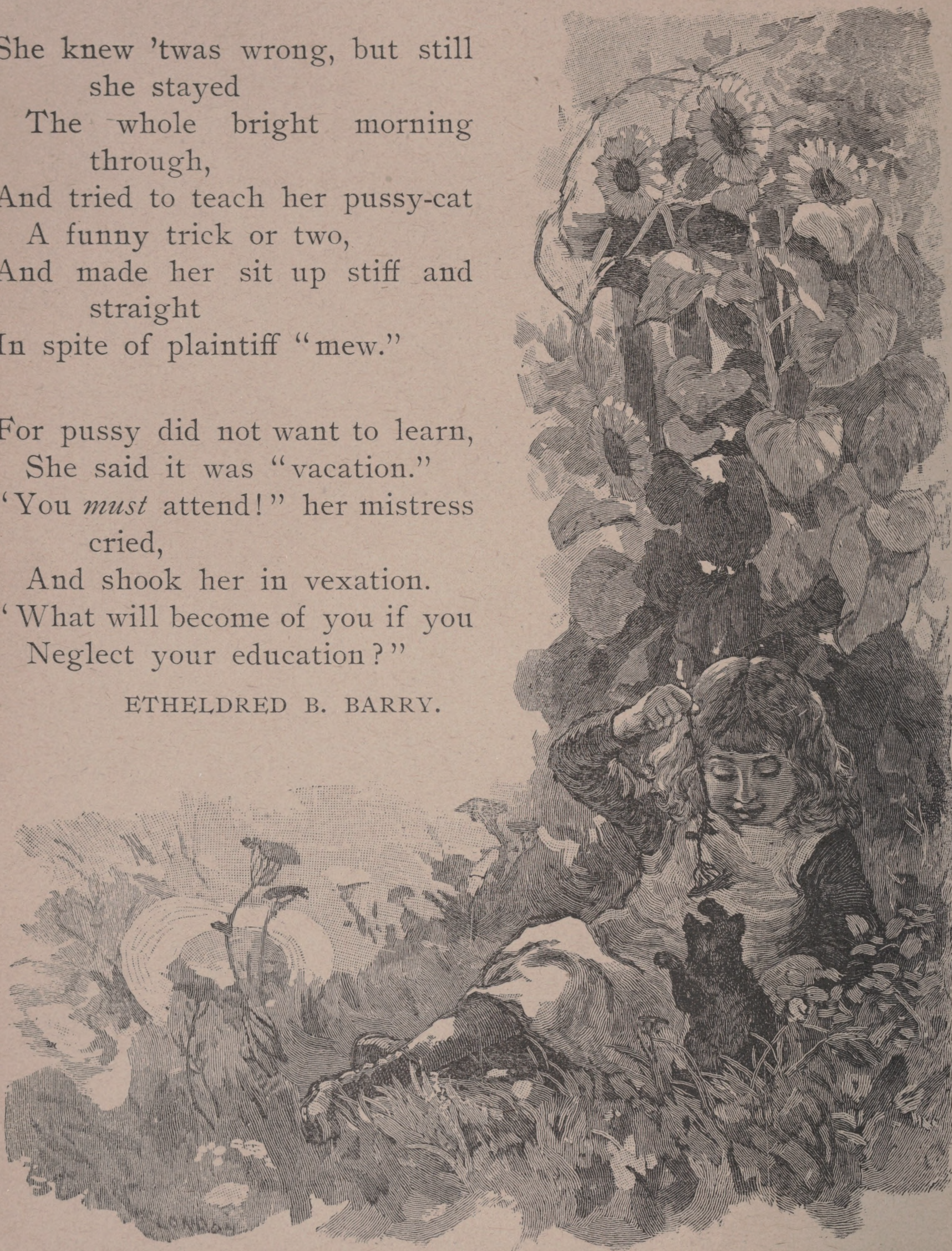


This little maid, I grieve to say,  
Had run away from school.

She knew 'twas wrong, but still  
she stayed  
The whole bright morning  
through,  
And tried to teach her pussy-cat  
A funny trick or two,  
And made her sit up stiff and  
straight  
In spite of plaintiff "mew."

For pussy did not want to learn,  
She said it was "vacation."  
"You *must* attend!" her mistress  
cried,  
And shook her in vexation.  
"What will become of you if you  
Neglect your education?"

ETHELDRED B. BARRY.







## THE TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

*(Little girl at the window.)*

“I AM so glad I’m not a bird,  
How cold they look, poor things!  
My nice, warm dress is better far  
Than thin brown coat and wings.”



*(Birds, outside.)*

“See that poor girl. We guess she’d like  
To come out in this snow.  
But then she’d get a dreadful cough,  
Or something else, we know.”

*(Girl.)*

“I’ll throw some crumbs. They’d surely starve  
If it were not for me.”

*(Birds.)*

“We’ll eat, — but just to let that girl  
Have something new to see,  
She is so cooped up in that house.”

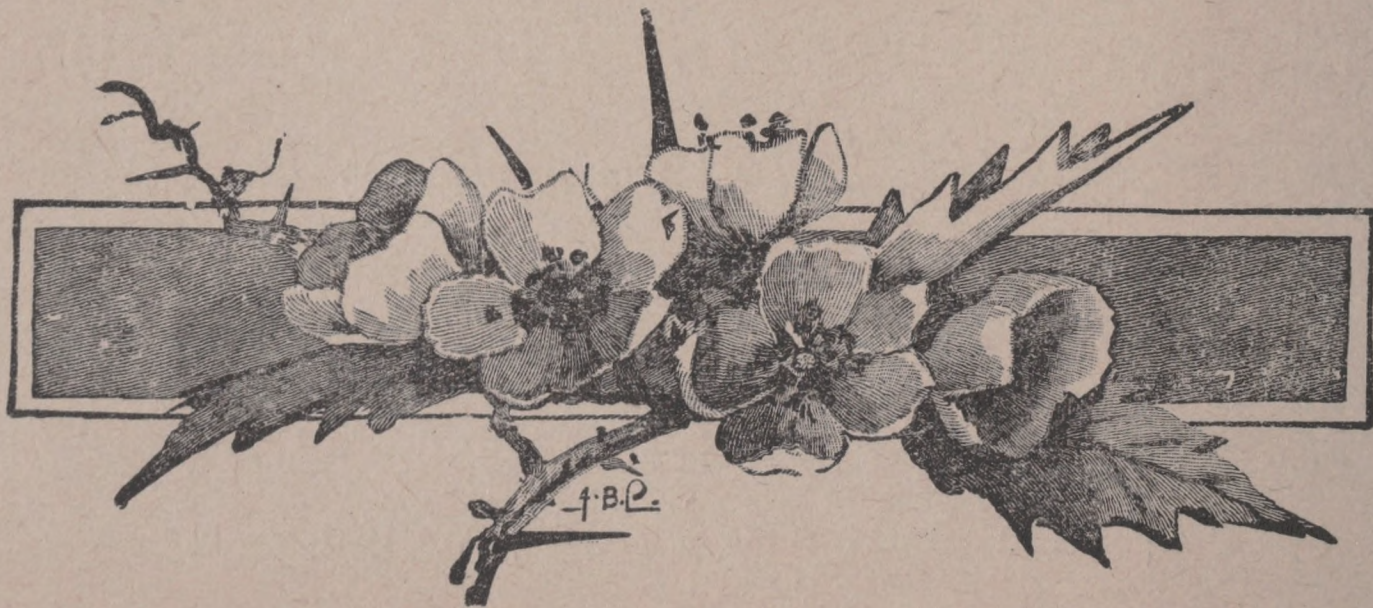
*(Girl.)*

“Poor things, they have no shelter!”  
Just then some snow fell from the roof,  
And sent them helter-skelter.

*(Birds.)*

“Perhaps she thinks that we were scared,  
But no, indeed — not we!  
We just flew off to let that girl  
Have something else to see.”

C. L. BRINE.

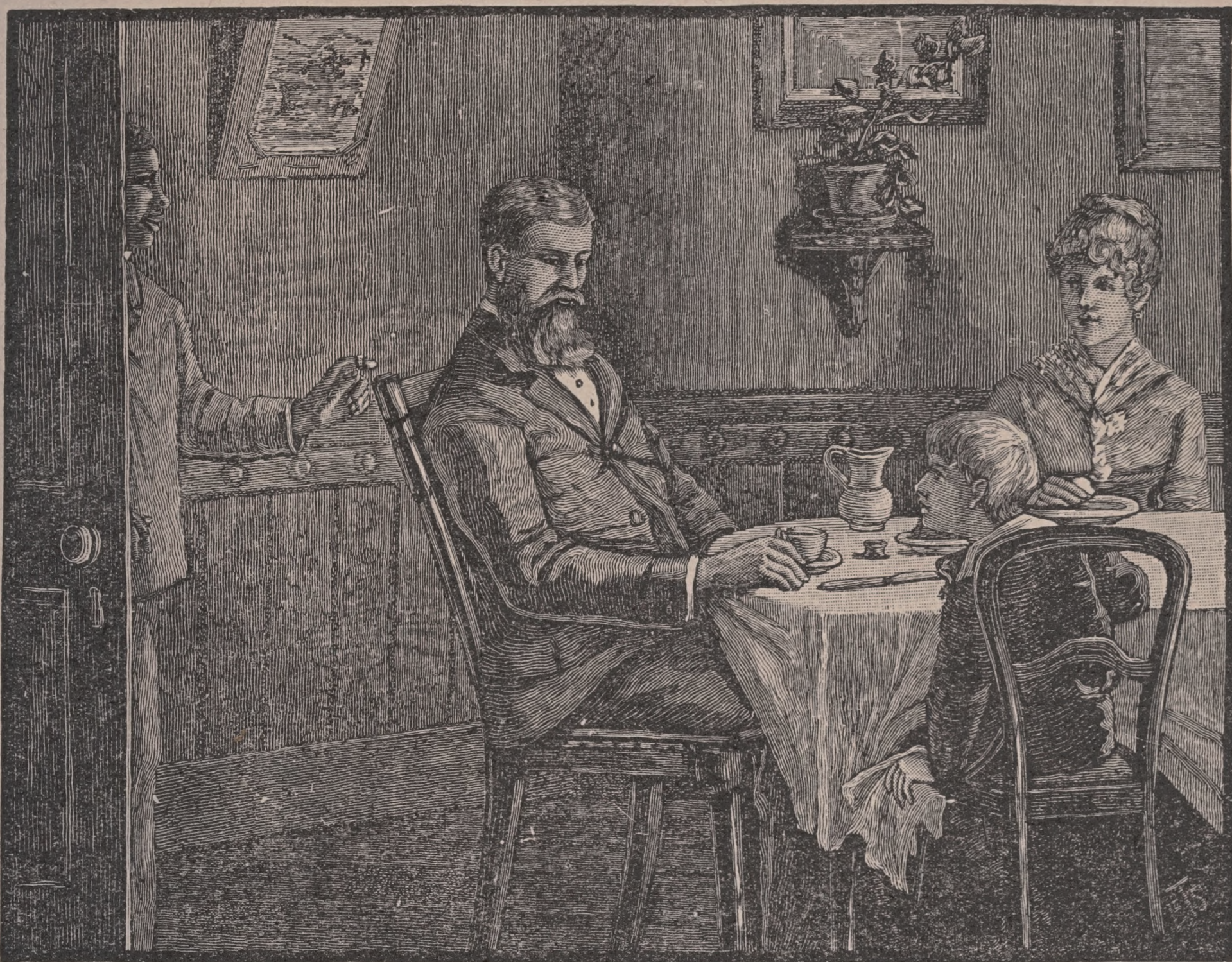




## THE YELLOW FLAG.

A TRUE STORY.

BEN FARIS and Tom Hunter were very good friends, and were always together during playhours, and of all their sports they liked best to play "station." They each had a little red cart, and they fastened one behind the other and called it a train. Tom was the



engine and pulled the train, while Ben was the flagman, and stood at the stations to flag the train whenever a passenger wanted to get on.

What fun they did have! and how that train did go rattling and rushing down the sidewalk, the engine puffing, blowing, whistling, and letting off steam from one end of the track to the other. All the children of the neighborhood were passengers, and sometimes



took turns acting as engine when the regular engine gave out. The passengers paid their fares in pins, and Ben and Tom carried home more pins than their mothers could use.

One morning Ben did not get down to breakfast until everyone else was nearly through. He had played "station" by moonlight, the night before, and was tired and sleepy.

Just as he sat down at the table, Thomas, the colored servant, came in, looking very scared.

"There's smallpox at Judge Brady's," he said. "They've got out a yellow flag."

Ben's mother looked frightened, for there had been several cases of smallpox in the town that fall.

"If that is so we must all pack up and leave home at once," she said.

Ben laughed.

"You needn't pack up yet, mamma," he said. "That's our station flag out there. I made it from a piece of yellow flannel I found in the bundle drawer. We forgot to take in the flag when we stopped playing last night."

Everybody laughed then, and Ben went out and brought in the flag. But all that day Judge Brady was kept busy telling people that no one was sick with smallpox at his house.

F. B. HALLOWELL.





# Piggy's Spoon

by M. E. N. HATHAWAY



FARMER JOHN'S pig had a snug little house,  
With a dooryard under the sweet apple trees;  
He slept on a mattress of clean, warm straw,  
And ate from a trough, and lived at his ease.

One morning, as piggy was drinking some milk  
The heedless maid, Kitty, had hastily brought,  
Before he had time to wonder "What's that?"

A spoon in his teeth was clumsily caught.

Next day Farmer John found the lost silver spoon,  
And carried it back to the house whence it came;  
His wife, when she saw it, was thoroughly vexed,  
And Kitty, the heedless one, bore all the blame.

And because of the marks that piggy's sharp teeth  
Had left on the handle and never would fade,  
For many a day, and for many a year,  
It was called "piggy's spoon" by mistress and maid.



## THE TRUE STORY OF TOMASO.

THERE were three of them—wee, blind, pink-nosed babies—snuggled down in the hay. They all wore gray dresses and one had a tiny white tip on his tail. His name was Tomaso. Puppies? Why, however did you guess?

“Three baby dogs and the old one make four,” said Herbert, joyfully. But Papa Parson said:

“Oh, no! we can’t afford to keep four dogs. You may choose one of the puppies to keep, and the other two we will give away.”



“So Herbert chose Tomaso, because he had a white tip on his tail.

There never was a puppy that grew as that one did! One could not see how he did it, either, for what with jumping for sticks and racing over the lawn after the baby’s apron-strings, one would not think he had time to grow. But he managed it somehow, and before any one knew it, Tomaso was a great, grown-up dog. He would obey Herbert’s slightest command and learned many tricks.

Tomaso was a handsome fellow, but, as he grew older, he grew lazy and selfish. He wanted the best place by the fire, and growled



at his mother and his baby sister if they took any of the food, and was very ungentlemanly.

So, one day, Papa Parson took Tomaso into the wagon and brought him to another town a good way off. He gave him to a fat butcher, who promised to give him plenty of tidbits if he would keep the shop free from rats. There Tomaso was left, with a chance to be useful and happy.

But the very next day naughty Tomaso ran away, and the butcher never saw him again.

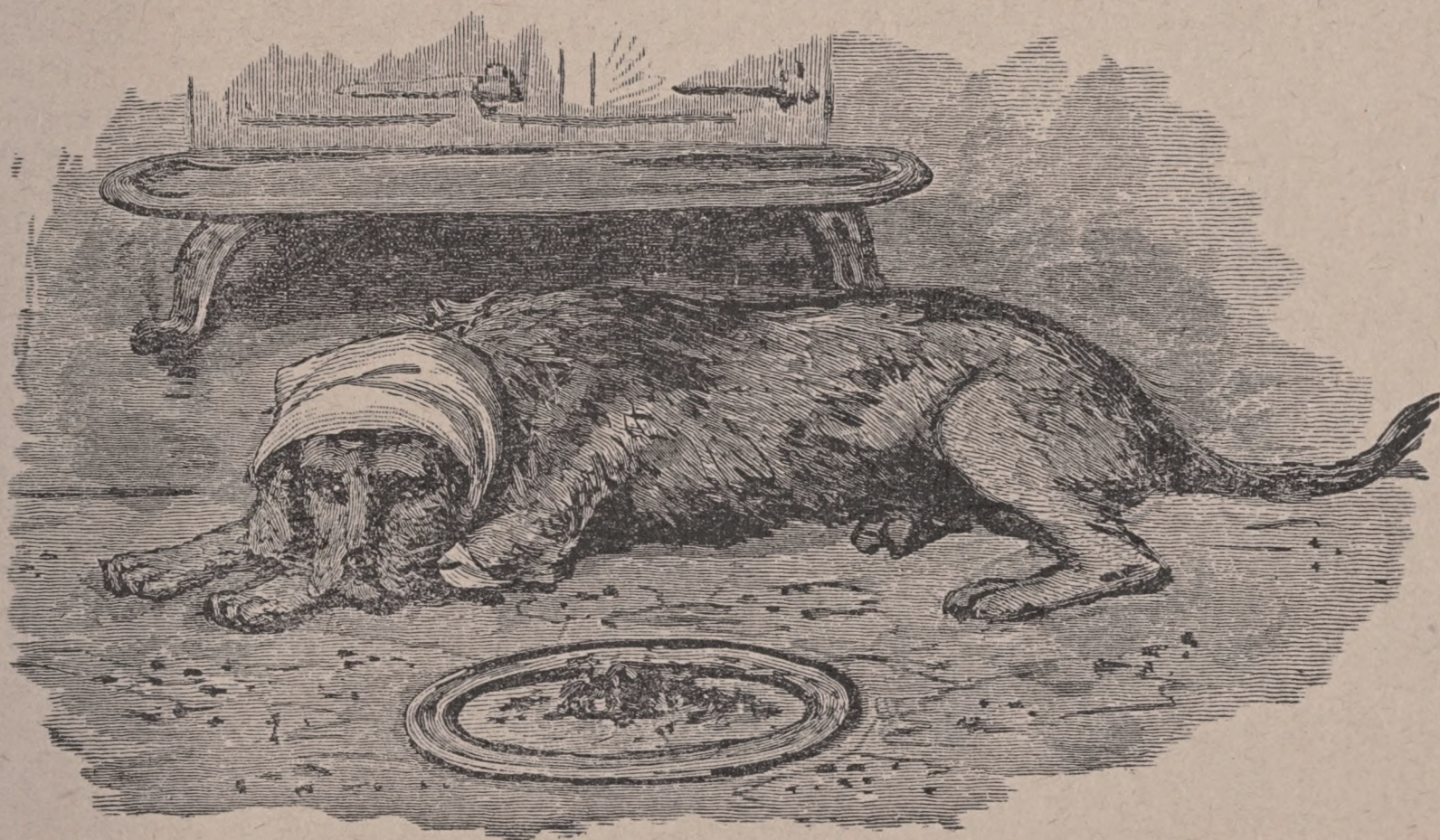
Almost a year passed away, and Tomaso was nearly forgotten, when, one day, Mamma Parson heard a "scratch, scratch!" "bow wow!" at her kitchen door. She opened the door, and in walked Tomaso, fat and natural as ever, even to the tip on his tail.

He barked and rubbed up against every one, but seemed most pleased to see his little master, Herbert. Then he went to his old plate, and ate up all the food he found there, and then jumped up on his old hassock and went to sleep.

"Why, I should think he never had been away," said Herbert. "Where *do* you s'pose he's been all this time, papa?"

But papa didn't know, and mamma could not guess, and Tomaso would not tell, and to this day no one knows all the true story of Tomaso.

LUCY WHITE PALMER.







## ELMER'S PRESENT.

ELMER lives in the North. His cousin George lives in Florida. George's father had been on a visit to his old home, and was about to return home. Elmer thought he would like to send a present to his cousin George. He asked his mother what to select for that purpose.

"I would sooner leave that to you," said his mother. "You have quite a stock of toys, books, tools and other useful articles from which to choose. I would be glad to have you generous enough to send something that will please him. He is a boy of about your own age. You can judge of his tastes by your own."

It was in the autumn, and Elmer was looking forward to his favorite winter sports with feelings of delight. He was well equipped for all the pleasures which have such charms for boys where they have winters.

The day came for his uncle to depart. Elmer had placed a small package in one corner of his trunk. It was the present for his cousin. What it contained, no one knew save himself.

When George's father got home to Florida, he opened the trunk and distributed the various presents that had been sent to the members of his family.

George opened the package sent by his cousin Elmer. What do you suppose he found? Something that made him laugh outright. It was a pair of skates.

Soon after, Elmer received a book by mail. It was a small work describing the climate of Florida. He saw his mistake at once.

"I never did like geography very well," said he, "but I should have known better than to send skates to Florida if I had stopped to think."



## JENNY'S COW.

"OH, father, don't sell this pretty bossy!" entreated Jenny Dorr, as she stood with her plump arms around the neck of a brown and white calf. "She knows me, and I love her. There see her lick my hand."

The farmer thought a moment.



"What if I give her to you?" he said. "I have hardly time to raise a calf, but, if you will feed her, you may have her."

Jenny was delighted. Twice a day she fed her pet with milk warm from the cow. At first she had to dip her fingers in the milk,



put them in the bossy's mouth, and let her suck them. But Brownie soon learned to drink, and would run to meet Jenny when she saw her bringing the pail. She knew her voice, and would come at her call.

Next she began to follow her about like a dog. When Jenny went picking berries, the calf would go, too, browsing on leaves and grass, now and then putting her nose in the pail, and sometimes tipping it over, berries and all. Once as she passed by the open door of the schoolhouse, she saw Jenny, and trotted in to join the class.

After awhile Brownie learned to open the cow-yard gate. She would lift the latch with her horns or teeth, and push the gate open; then she would go to the kitchen door, and low for Jenny to feed and pet her.

If the door were open or ajar, in she would walk, with the coolest air you can imagine. If no one were in the kitchen, on she would push, and open doors right and left, till she found Jenny, or some one else sent her out.

She was a very nice cow, healthy and strong and gentle. And night and morning she gave a pailful of rich milk. Many a saucer of strawberries did Jenny eat, covered with cream almost as yellow as gold.

But, with Brownie's growth, her habit of opening doors became very inconvenient. It was not exactly pleasant to have a cow rambling about the house at her own sweet will. Jenny's mother said she expected to find her some fine morning with her horns caught in the lace curtains of the parlor window. And her "Moo, moo," too oft repeated, lost its charm.

Jenny was going away for a visit of two or three months. She knew Brownie would be troublesome, and consented to have her sold. A kind farmer wanted her, and would treat her well.

Once or twice Brownie let herself out, and roamed about awhile. But the place was new, and she did not find Jenny; so, like a sensible cow as she was, she made the best of it and became contented.

MRS. MARY JOHNSON.



## ONLY ONE LESSON.

GRANDPA COX read aloud from the morning paper an account of the drowning of two boys in a lake.

"Everybody ought to learn to swim," he said. "If those boys had known how to swim they might have been saved."



Gertie was sitting on a stool, fanning Bertha, one of her dolls. Bertha was a very pretty doll, with long, flaxen hair and very pink cheeks. She had eyes that would open and shut, and was dressed in pink silk, with a white lace overdress, looped up at one side with tiny daisies.

"I wouldn't like my dolls to drown if they fell in the lake," thought Gertie. "I'd better teach them right away how to swim."

She took off the dolls' pretty dresses, and put on long night-



gowns. Then she carried them outdoors to where there was a hogshead of rain water.

Gertie couldn't reach up to the hogshead, so she went to the house for her little rocking-chair, and stood on that.

"Now, Bertha and Lady Bella," she said, "you've got to swim or else you'll drown," and she threw the dolls in the water.



Just as she did so, the little rocking-chair tipped over, and down went Gertie on the brick pavement.

She bumped her head very hard indeed; and mamma and grandpa and Aunt Maggie came running out of the house, thinking Gertie must be almost killed, she cried so loud.

They took her into the house, and kissed her and petted her until she stopped crying. Then Aunt Maggie asked where she had left Lady Bella and Bertha.

"They're out in the hogshead learning how to swim," said Gertie. Aunt Maggie ran out, and, with the aid of a pair of tongs, got



the dolls out of the hogshead. But her flaxen wig had come off, and all the paint was washed off her pretty face.

When Gertie saw her dolls' sad state she began to cry again; but Aunt Maggie glued the wigs on, and put some fresh color on the cheeks, and in half an hour the dolls looked almost as well as ever.

But they never learned how to swim. That one lesson was all they ever received.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

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### JACKY'S RIDE.

POOR foolish Jacky is hurrying home

Just as the school at the Corners is out,  
And a crowd of the boys in mischievous glee  
Gather about him with laughter and shout.

He tries to escape, turning this way and that,  
But still they surround him and force him to stay;  
They tease and confuse him with questions and jokes,  
Till he stops in despair with his wits all astray.

But hark! there's the step of a horse drawing near;  
There's a rattle of swift-whirling wheels coming down;  
And little Ned Ford in a moment is seen  
Driving the best little pony in town.

His bonny blue eyes flash with fire on the scene;  
His voice like the call of a trumpet rings loud  
With words that are bitter with anger and scorn,  
As hither and thither he scatters the crowd.

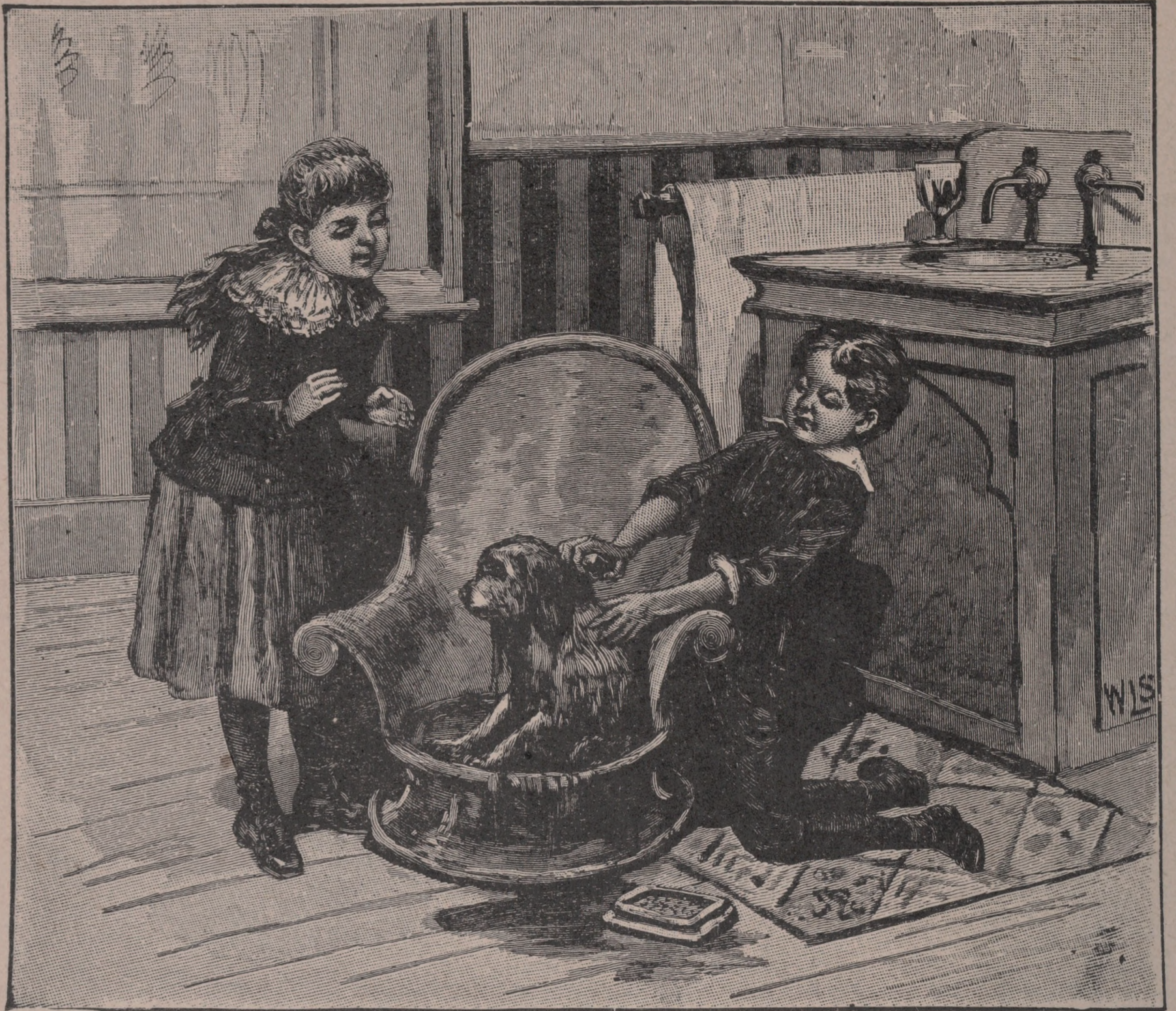
He places poor Jack on the seat by his side,  
Then gives the good pony the word, "go ahead!"  
And onward they dash through the crestfallen throng,  
With three cheers of triumph from brave little Ned.

M. E. N. HATHEWA



## THE AMATEUR BARBER.

'Twas a miserable, dreary, dark, rainy day,  
And Fred and Alice were tired of play;  
The nursery floor was all littered with toys  
Of the various kinds that interest boys.  
But engines and horses and cars were thrown by,  
And they turned to the window to watch with a sigh



The rain, as it fell in a merciless pour,  
And kept them as prisoners within the closed door.  
Across the wide street, and directly in sight,  
Was a barber's sign pole, with its striped red and white.  
"Say, Fred, don't you think 'twould be jolly and handy  
If all barber's poles were peppermint candy?  
To steal them would certainly not be right,



*THE AMATEUR BARBER.*

But once in a while we might take just a bite!"  
Alice, you see, had a very sweet tooth;  
But Fred was a serious, practical youth,  
And the sight of the pole transfused to his brain  
No vision of sweets, but a glorious game.  
A comb and a brush he seized from the drawer,  
And pulling Gyp with him he rushed through the door;  
Down the stairs to the bathroom straightway they fled,  
For a grand scheme of mischief had entered Fred's head.  
He declared, with a laugh, the best sport that he knew  
Would be to play barber; 'twas fun to shampoo.  
So poor Gyp was placed in an old-fashioned chair,  
And Fred commenced brushing with vim and with care.  
When Gyp's hair was rubbed to the wildest confusion,  
Then vinegar, mustard and oil in profusion  
Were poured and well rubbed on his innocent pate,  
Until, barking and smarting with many an ache,  
He whined the "Amateur Artist" to cease,  
And let an unfortunate dog sleep in peace.  
To his struggles, Fred was at length forced to give heed,  
And then from the chair the victim was freed.

M. E. CRAIGIE.







ALLIE and Ralph are two wide-awake boys.

They are not twins, or even brothers. They are the happiest playmates you could wish to see. Usually things move along smoothly enough with them; but there are days when — oh, dear! — the mammas on both sides have their hands full. On such days the dog is apt to be tied to the calf, the kittens given a cold bath, the paint-pot investigated, much to the injury of linen pants and gingham aprons.

One of those dreadful days grandma was presented with a whole hatful of her choice “Pumpkin Sweets.” She had intended them to remain on the tree fully a month longer. The hatful was all the apples the tree decided to give grandma that year. You can imagine her feelings.

One morning they thought best not to ask for their lunch. They had seen Nell carry a whole pan full of cookies to the milk-room in the cellar. Very cautiously they crept down the outer steps. Just coming from the bright sunlight the cellar was a great deal darker than they fancied. The milk-room door was shut, too, and they knew they could not reach the button which fastened it.

One of their pastimes was relating to each other frightful stories about tramps and “killing men.” These stories were sure to be





remembered when they found themselves in the dark. While Allie was planning how to reach the button Ralph was looking around nervously, and finally ventured to say, "Any tramps down here?" Allie was in the act of rolling an empty keg to the door. Both listened, expecting a tramp to answer or step out from some dark corner.

Suddenly "scratch, scratch, scratch," was heard inside the milk-room. Allie got off the keg quicker than he had got up and stood beside Ralph. Both were too frightened to scream or run. "Scratch, scratch, scratch," it came again, and with it a little howl. Both boys took to their heels, screaming and crying at the top of their voices. They were very much frightened, and their little hearts beat fast for a long time. If they had not been naughty, and tried to steal the cookies instead of asking for them, they would have found that the "tramp" was only Bluebeard, the cat; she had been shut up in the milk-room, and was scratching and mewing to get out to her babies.



LIZZIE MAY SHERWOOD





## HINNY, THE BURRO.

RUTH was in Colorado. She had been promised a burro to ride when she got there. So the very next morning after their arrival, even before she was fairly dressed, she demanded to see her burro.

Uncle John had Hinny—that was the burro's name—brought round to the gate directly after breakfast.

"Oh—h!" half groaned Ruth, when she first set eyes upon her treasure, "such a little fellow! And he looks so—discouraged."

He did, indeed, look discouraged, dingy, dull. Ruth patted his nose. He did not seem to care. She had expected him to be silky and shining, like her own saddle-horse, Duke. But such ears—long, and of such an ugly color. He looked as if he had never been groomed, nor petted, nor had enough to eat in all his life.

"They abuse him," exclaimed Ruth. "I can see that by the way he holds his head. I'm afraid they—beat him. Do they, Uncle John?"

"I'm—I'm afraid they do—sometimes," Uncle John answered. "But burros are very tough. Do you like him?"

"Y-e-s," said Ruth. "I shall when I get him fixed up. I don't want to ride him just now—not until I know him better."

After people were pretty well occupied about the house, Ruth went out to explore the stable where Hinny was kept. She found him in a shed in a small, much-littered-up stall. He stood with his head down and long ears drooping, just as he had stood at the gate.

"Poor thing," cried Ruth, "he needs washing and currying and a clean stall, and he shall have them."

She got a stable-fork and dug out the old bedding. She worked until she was out of breath and red in the face.

"Now, I'll wash him," she said. She went to the kitchen, borrowed a scouring-brush, soap and a pail, and gave Hinny a terrific scrubbing. He pricked up his long ears and looked at his hard-working little mistress as much as to say, "What an odd girl."

"You shall have a good supper, too," she said, patting him. With Bibby's help she made a nice bran mash, such as they made for the Jersey cow at home. Then she heaped clean straw in his stall for a bed.



Next morning, when she went out to see how he had enjoyed his comforts, she found he had not touched his bran mash, but had eaten his straw bed all up. Uncle John laughed fit to kill himself when he found out about it.

"But why shouldn't we be good to burros as well as horses?" asked Ruth.

When the day came for Ruth to start for home she flung her arms about Hinny's neck and cried. He pricked up his long ears a little as she went away sobbing, and looked after as if to say, "What an odd little girl!"

CLARA DOTY BATES.



### THE FIRST WORD.

DID you hear her, hear her say it,  
Just as plain as plain could be,  
With her eager, red lips parted,  
And her eyes turned up to me?

"Papa, papa," softly cooing,  
Oh, the lips of coral pink!  
Oh, the tiny arms outstretching  
Baby hands where dimples sink!



*THE FIRST WORD.*

Richer than the rarest music;  
Sweeter than the thrush's note  
When, in evening hymn of praise  
It gushes from his mottled throat.



"Papa." Is it any wonder  
That I kneel here at your feet,  
That I cover you with kisses?  
Say it once again, my sweet.

ETHELDRED B. BARRY.



## THE WOODCHUCK'S PORTRAIT.

SIT still, Mr. Woodchuck,  
As still as can be,  
Till the picture is finished  
And then you shall see.



It is not every woodchuck  
Who has such a chance  
As this set before him,  
His worth to enhance.



So please to sit still, sir,  
And perk up your ears;  
Wear a pleasant expression  
And quiet all fears.

Look straight at the camera,  
This is earnest, not fun.  
All ready? Click! Now, sir,  
The picture is done.

ETHELDRED B. BARRY.



### SHREWD LITTLE SAMMY.

SAMMY had long yellow curls hanging down his back, but wanted them cut off, he said, for they made him look so much like a girl.

He also thought he was large enough to wear pants, for he could saw wood; and kilt skirts always bothered the saw.

Sammy had a little playmate, Johnny Kirby, that came over frequently. Johnny's papa was very large and strong, and Johnny wanted very much to be like him.

Sammy was a selfish boy; he wanted other boys to do as he told them; and in some way he managed it so that they did without much trouble. Sammy liked very much to ride in his little wagon,



and have other boys pull him, but was never very willing to pull any one else.

He had quite a conversation with his papa one morning on the porch.



"Papa, don't it make people strong to saw?"

"Yes, my boy."



"Well, don't it make people strong to hoe and dig and cut wood?"

"Certainly it does."

"Well, papa, don't it make people strong to pull carts, and sleds, and wagons?"

"Yes, if you do enough of it."

"Well, that's just what I told Johnny Kirby yesterday. I told him if he would just come up here every morning, and pull me a little, just a little every morning, that he would get to be awful strong, almost as strong as his papa some day. Don't you think so, papa?"

M. S. B.



### WHICH IS THE WORSE?

Two little birdies up in the tree,  
 Quarrelling, fighting—oh, dear me!  
 Do they forget that God up above  
 Wants them to dwell in peace and in love?  
 I should think they would hide their heads in their wings,  
 When they see all the flowers and beautiful things,  
 They would feel so ashamed that they once could forget  
 All the blessings He gives them—and yet, and, oh yet—



Two little boys on the street I see,  
Quarrelling, fighting—oh, dear me!  
Do *they* forget that God up above  
Wants *them* to dwell in peace and in love?  
Beautiful playthings scattered around—  
A beautiful home where comforts abound,  
Which is the worse—the birds or the boys?  
Fighting for worms, or fighting for toys?

MRS. SARAH E. EASTMAN.



### ANNA'S LESSON.

ANNA was a sweet and gentle little girl, but she could never remember to say "Thank you."

When she was five years old she went to school. At the end of the term the teacher stood before the class and said:

"I hope all these little girls will have a pleasant vacation. As



you have all been so good I am going to give you a little present." She opened a package that she held in her hand and took out a stick of peppermint candy.

Anna's eyes sparkled, for she liked candy. As each little girl received her stick of candy she said, "Thank you, Miss White. Good-bye." Then she went home.

Little Anna rushed home and showed her mother what Miss White had given her.

"Did you say 'Thank you?'" asked mamma.

"I don't remember," faltered Anna.

"Then run back to school as quickly as possible and say it."

Anna was very glad of a chance to repair her mistake, and kept saying all the way, "Thank you, Miss White, for the candy." When she reached the schoolhouse the teacher and pupils had gone and Anna found it closed and locked. She looked at the door in disappointment and felt that she would never have a chance to thank Miss White, for after the vacation another teacher would be there. Miss White would always think of Anna as a rude little girl.

It was the last time that Anna forgot to be polite. Whenever any one did her a favor, or showed her a kindness, that schoolhouse door, locked against her, came into her mind and reminded her of what she ought to say:

When she became a young lady people used to say, "What charming manners Miss Anna has."







## THE COUNTRY WEEK.

MRS. BROWN read a little article in the newspaper one evening, about "Country week for poor children."

"Husband," said she, "I have an idea. We have such a good farm, and so many nice things, suppose we take some boarders this summer, who can't afford to pay anything."

When she told him what she meant, Mr. Brown thought it a very good idea, indeed.

"The currants and raspberries are ripe. I'll see if Mrs. Anderson knows of some nice children, who will have to stay in the hot streets of the city all summer. We will ask them to come here."

Of course, Mrs. Anderson knew of some nice children. She belonged to a mission-school, and knew dozens of them. So, the next Wednesday, when Mr. Brown drove down to the station, there she was, and two little ones with her, Lina and Carl Schmidt. Carl was almost a baby, and went to sleep as soon as they were in the carriage; but Lina held her breath with delight as she rode to the farm. She was half afraid, too, and held on very tightly if old Billy went faster than a walk. As Mr. Brown watched the bright little face he began to think his wife's idea was a splendid one.

"Well, little one," said Mrs. Brown to Lina, when they reached the house, "what do you think of the country?"



“Oh, I do want to take such long breaths!” said Lina, “I wish my mamma could see it too.”

“The first thing for these small folks,” added Mrs. Brown, “is some of Brindle’s nice milk.”



Carl waked up long enough to drink some, and say, “Dood, dood.” Then he grew sleepy again, and Mrs. Brown laid him on a shawl upon the grass, under the trees. The hens gathered around him, looked at each other and clucked, as much as to say, “What kind of a queer creature is this?” Young Mr. Bantie was about to peck him to find out, when they heard a little voice calling “Biddy, Biddy, Biddy!” from the barn. Off they went, half flying and half running.



Mrs. Brown had given Lina a tin pail, with corn in it to scatter to the hens. They came from all directions, and got around her so closely that she was afraid to stir. She had taken out one handful of the corn, but was afraid to throw it. Then the greedy hens began to peck her hand, and try to get it out of the pail. She began to cry so loud that every one ran out of the house to see what was the matter. It was funny enough to see her, standing in the middle of that greedy crowd of hens, with her eyes shut very tightly, and her mouth very wide open.

When Carl waked up, he wanted some more milk. Mrs. Brown said, "We'll go down and see Brindle milked, and you shall have it nice and warm." Lina had seen pictures of cows, but never a live one. She had no idea they were so big. Mrs. Brown asked her if she would like to milk; but she thought she would rather stand at a little distance. As for Carl, he shut up his eyes, and tried to get out of sight of the creature. However, he liked the warm milk very much.

Lina spent most of the next day in the garden. She helped pick the peas and beans, and stem the currants. She went with Mr. Brown to find the eggs, and held Billy's halter while he drank at the trough. Every day was full of pleasure, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown had just as good a time as the children. At the end of the week they couldn't bear to let them go; so it came about that the children's week, for Lina and Carl, lasted all summer.

J. A. M.





## THE BICYCLE DAVIE DID NOT GET.

"DAVIE! Davie Holton! please come here a minute," called Mrs. Jackson, as Davie was passing on his way to school, one afternoon.

Davie ran up to the gate, where Mrs. Jackson stood waiting for him.

"I want you to stop as you go home from school, to-night," she said. "Be sure and do not forget it. I have something nice for you, and if you are not here I shall give it to some one else. I am going from town on the five o'clock train, so you must come in time."

"All right, I'll be here, sure!" answered Davie. "I'll get excused at half past three, so as to be early."

"I do wonder what she's going to give me," thought Davie, as he hurried on to school.

"I just hope it's that little bicycle of Tim's. My! wouldn't I be glad, though!"

"He'll forget all about it before four o'clock," said Mrs. Jackson, as she turned back to the house. "He's the most heedless boy I ever knew. It's a pity, too, for he is such a bright, kind-hearted, little fellow. If he's late, I'll give this to Bertie Clinton. Davie needs a sharp disappointment to make him more attentive."

Mrs. Jackson's words were true. Davie was very forgetful. Nothing of importance could be trusted to him. "Oh, I forgot it!" was always his excuse for negligence. He forgot his lessons, forgot to say "Thank you," forgot to bring in the wood, forgot his mittens and left them out of doors; in fact, he forgot everything but his meals and his play.

"Hurrah, boys! let's go fishing! I know where we can catch pickerel by the dozen," exclaimed one of the boys in Davie's class, as the last stroke of the four o'clock bell ceased.

That was enough to drive from Davie's mind what he had promised Mrs. Jackson. He joined the fishing party.

Mrs. Jackson was moving, and had a pretty little bicycle that had belonged to her dead boy. She could not take it, and had concluded to give it to Davie. She waited until half past four, but no Davie



came. She then learned from another little boy where he was, and she gave the bicycle to Bertie Clinton. She sent a note to Davie's mamma, telling her all about it.

"Did you see Mrs. Jackson, to-day," asked mamma, when Davie came home.

"Oh, I forgot again! She was going to give me something nice. I'll go right over now," he exclaimed.

"You are too late; Mrs. Jackson has been gone an hour," mamma replied."

Poor Davie! he cried himself to sleep thinking of the loss his fault had caused him. But the disappointment did him good.

LAURA C. GIBBONS.





## BUG HORSES IN CHINA.

CAN any boy or girl guess what this means? May Delwood knows, for she has had a letter from her cousin Amabel, who is living in China now. As soon as the letter had been read, May cried out: "Oh, mamma! the Magazine children must hear all about it. It is so very strange!"

So my little readers may all thank thoughtful May.

"When Aunt Ella and I were out walking in Nankin," wrote Amabel, "we saw ever so many little play-carts made of paper, to which the children here harness a fat beetle-bug. The beetle's sprawling legs trot along in a very frisky way, and there is nothing heavy in the go-carts. No matter if in turning short corners the whole concern topples over, it can soon be set up again.

"Chinese mammas give the children white thread or silk for reins and harness, and when laid carefully over the gauzy wings does not hurt the bug-pony, and keeps him from flying off, carriage and all.

"You would never guess the price of such a toy, so I will tell you that for one penny of our money ten such tiny turnouts could be bought.

"Chinese children have many pretty toys made of paper and bits of wood. In a little grist mill that Aunt Ella bought, the stone was going round and round, as though all the neighbors had brought corn to be ground. We did not at first see what made it move so briskly. Looking carefully, we found inside a small paper box, in which, with a string fastened to him, was a lively little bug. The insect was rushing round and round, his work never done. The hole of escape, for which the bright eyes were searching, was never found. On and on he trudged, on his tedious circuit."

F. P. CHAPLIN.

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## THE ALPHABETICAL BOY.

A MOST alphabetical turn of mind—  
Or rather of body—had Johnny Kind.  
He'd stand, with his feet apart, and say:  
"Now am I not very much like an 'A'?"



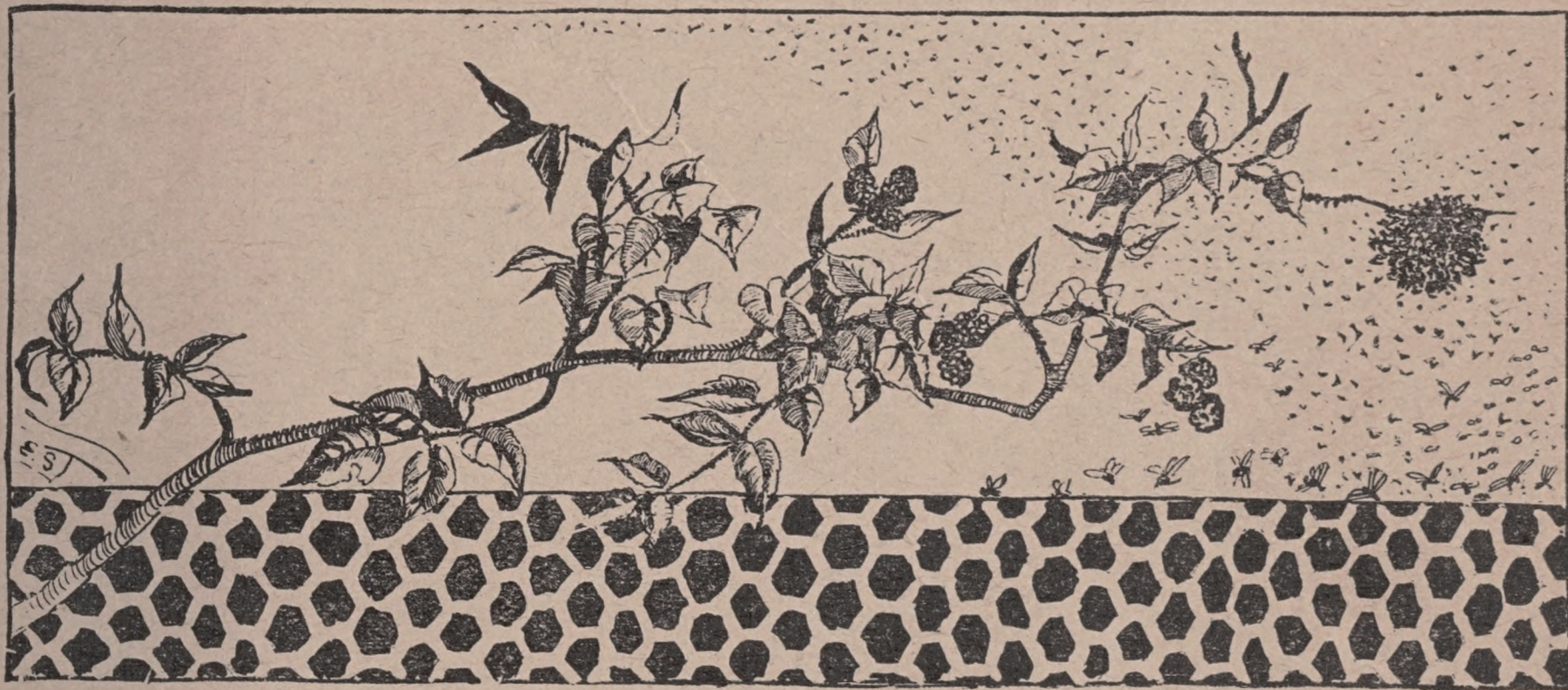
With arm curved in front, and a bended knee,  
He'd cry: "How is that for a splendid 'B'?"  
Then turning himself, like a half-moon, he  
Imagined he looked like a perfect "C."

His right finger-tips he would place on the floor,  
Just bending his body the same as before,  
Then call on his playmates to hurry and see  
How nicely he managed to make a big "D."

A serpentine twist to his back formed an "E;"  
With varied success he tried "F" and "G."  
He struggled at "H;" but stood up straightway  
And grinned: "'Tis so easy to do "I" and "J."

"K," "L," "M" and "N" made him red in the face;  
The cat jumped away to a hiding-place!  
He cried: "Through the alphabet I shall go!"  
But the next letter floored him, and he yelled "O!"

GEORGE COOPER.







## THE LAPP'S GOOD FRIEND.

Do you know what a reindeer is like, and what sort of a man a Laplander, or Lapp, is?

They both live far away, in a very cold land where the sun does not rise for months, and all that time it is dark and cold, with deep snow and ice! And when the sun comes again it will not set for months, and then it is day all the time. You can imagine in the dark days what a nice thing the moonlight is! How the Lapp must enjoy riding over the snow at a very rapid rate! No man can keep up with the reindeer, and he can go miles and miles without getting tired.



The reindeer is put to a great many uses. It is good to eat, gives milk, and draws a load very fast. The skin makes a warm covering for the "Lapp," a roof for the huts, or a tent for him to live in. When cut into thin strips it makes a nice kind of rope; the fat yields oil, to burn or to eat, and the hair is used to fill beds. But the Laplander



likes the skin for a bed better. The hoof, horn, and bone are also useful.

The Lapp is very fond of reindeer, and, though he is ever so poor, is pretty sure to own four or five.

MRS. G. HALL.

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## RAISING WATCHES.

ONE day Willie came running to his mother, with a little round black thing in his hand. He wanted to know what it was.

"It is a seed," said his mother. "If you should plant it in the ground, before very long it would begin to grow, and soon you would have some lovely flowers."

"If you plant things will they grow?" asked Willie.

"Yes," said his mother. She was very busy iust then, and did not



pay much attention to what he was saying. Willie looked at the seed a little while, and then ran off to play.

Next morning he was in his mother's room. He saw her watch lying on the table. He had often wished to have one like it. Suddenly he remembered what his mother had told him about planting a seed; perhaps if he planted this watch others would grow from it. Then he could have one too.



He did not stop to ask permission, but took the watch into the garden, where he planted it under an apple tree.

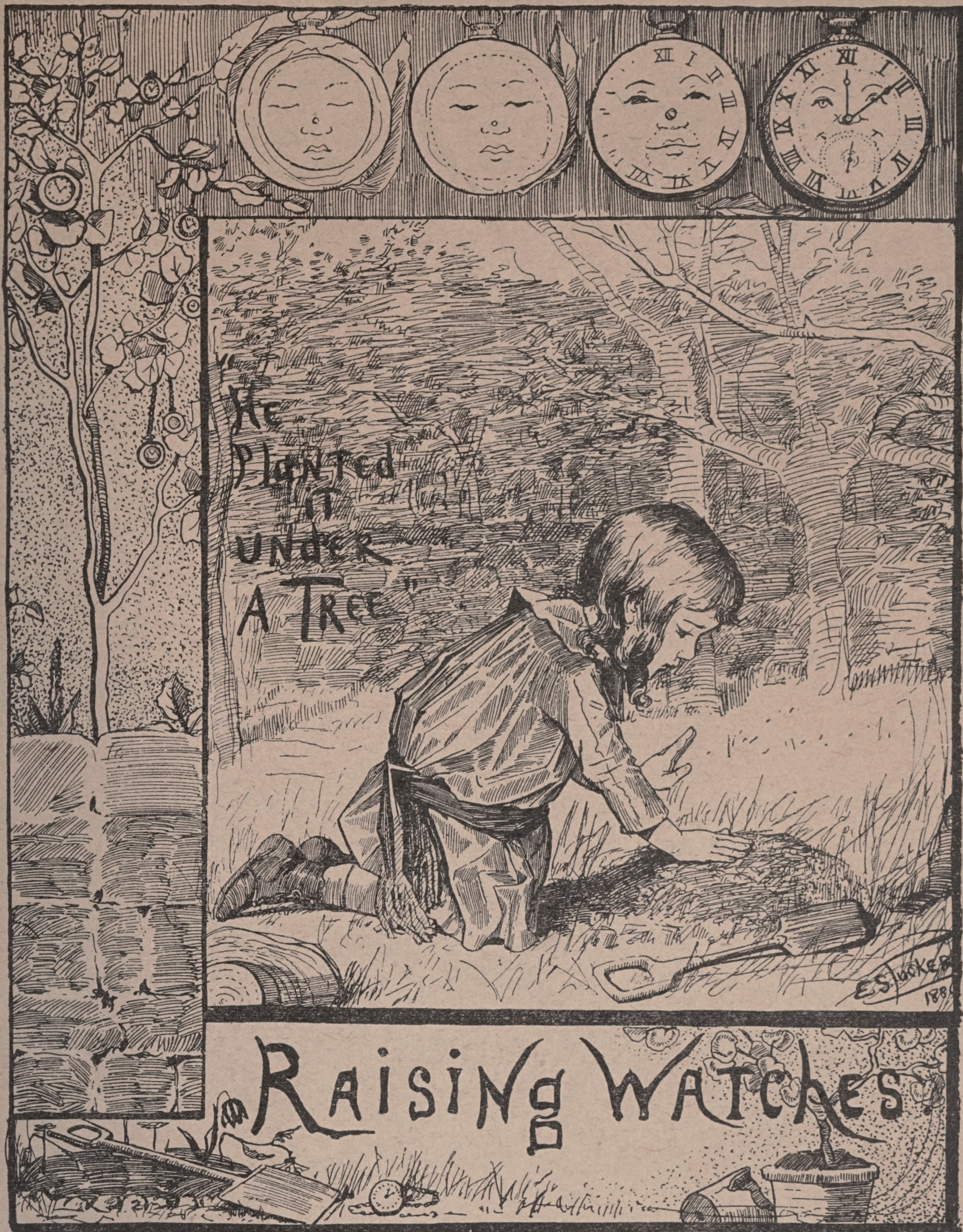
His mother did not miss it until the next day. Then she looked for it everywhere. At last she asked Willie if he had seen it.

"Oh, yes, mamma," he answered, "it is all safe. I planted it in the garden, and soon we will have a lot of little watches."

"Come at once, and show me where you planted it," said his mother.



## RAISING WATCHES.



Willie took her to the tree under which he had planted the watch. After some time they found it. It was covered with damp earth, and very nearly spoiled.

Willie decided, after thinking it over for half an hour in the closet, that raising watches was not as pleasant as he had supposed.

ANNA M. TALCOTT.





## HALF AN APPLE.

### A TRUE STORY.

ONE cold winter morning, about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in a school-room. They talked and laughed among themselves, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances in her direction, or turned to stare rudely ; but nobody spoke to her.

The little girl had never been to school before, and she began to feel shy and homesick. She wished she could run home to mother and have a good cry in her loving arms. One little tear-drop trembled in her eye and seemed ready to fall ; but it never did, for, just then, something happened.

Suddenly the outer door flew open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl rushed in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and she imparted a cheer to the school-room that it had not had before. She walked up to the stove quite as if she were at home, and, after saying good-morning to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

“Good-morning !” she said, sweetly, across the stove-pipe.

The little girl on the other side brightened up at once, though she answered somewhat timidly.

“Cold, is it not ?” the new-comer went on, pulling off her mittens, and holding her red hands over the stove. Then she sent one of the plump hands down to the depths of her pocket, and when it came out



HALF AN APPLE.





it held a fine, red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two, and, with a smile, she passed half of it to the new scholar.

“Do you like apples?” she said.

The little girl did like apples very much, and she thought none had ever tasted half so nice as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

“My name is Libby,” said the owner of the bright eyes; “what is yours?”

“My name is Hetty,” replied the other little girl.

“Well,” said Libby, “do you want to sit with me? There is a vacant seat beside mine, and I know the teacher will let you.”

Hetty thought she should like that plan very much; so the two girls went off to find Libby’s seat, where they chatted happily till the bell rung.

“Where is Hetty Rowe?” asked the teacher; and, then, before anybody had time to answer, she espied her seated next to merry-faced Libby. The teacher smiled, saying:—

“I see you are in good hands,” and Hetty was allowed to keep the seat for many a day.

When Libby had grown to be a woman she told me this story herself, and she used to say that it was her gift of half an apple that won for her so dear a friend as Hetty Rowe.

But I think it was something besides the apple that comforted the sad little heart on that cold morning; do not you?

EMMA C. DOWD







## I TOLD YOU SO.

A VERY bad habit had our Cousin Joe  
Of saying, always, "Oh, yes, I told you so!"  
No matter what happened, the ready reply  
Came straight to his lips without wherefore  
or why.

If buds failed to blossom or seeds failed  
to grow,

"Oh, yes, so I told you!" said our Cousin  
Joe.

If bright skies were smiling, or tempests  
did blow,

His answer was still the same — "I told  
you so!"

You could not surprise him, he knew all  
before—

As much as you knew and a thousand  
times more.



But Dick was the genius, whose brain could devise  
A plan for unveiling to Cousin Joe's eyes  
The fact that such answers to all that you heard  
Were very provoking and even absurd.  
And after much thinking, made bold to suggest  
The project which put Joe to such a sharp test  
That never again to a friend or a foe  
He uttered the words, "Oh, yes, I told you so!"

It happened one day that a cow, grazing near,  
Came into our meadow and we ran with fear;  
But while we were telling the story to Joe,  
He cried out at once, "Oh, yes, I told you so!"  
Now, how he could tell us what he never knew  
Was something we thought quite peculiar, don't you?  
So quick as the lightning Dick vanished, and soon  
Came rushing back with eyes as big as the moon  
And uplifted hands. "Oh, now, what do you think?  
The old cow was looking for something to drink,  
And swallowed the grindstone, the bucket and chain!"  
We all screamed with laughter, but laughter proved vain  
To check the quick answer from our Cousin Joe,  
For straightway it came, "Oh, yes, I told you so!"  
"Oh, did you?" said Dick. "Then hereafter we'll try  
To hide all the grindstones when cows are near by."  
And poor Joe was teased till he could not endure  
One word on the subject, but then 'twas a cure!

ZITELLA COCKE.







## A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

HURRAH! do you see my Christmas skates?—  
Shining!—regular nickel-plates.

I hope Jack Frost will hurry to-night  
And freeze the pond up sound and tight,  
For the boys to go,  
In the frost and snow,

And have a jolly good time,—ho, ho!

That isn't all,—a splendid ship  
Ready to take her trial trip,  
Painted in red, and white, and blue  
With flying flag and a wooden crew,



A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

With sails and mast  
To weather a blast  
And carry a cargo safe and fast.



But — if it freezes how can I go  
And sail my boat, I should like to know?  
And if the weather is warm and fine  
How can I try these skates of mine?  
What *would* you do  
If it were you  
With nickel skates and a sail-boat too?

SYDNEY DAYRE.























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